

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1824.

Art. I. *Tableaux de L'Histoire Philosophique du Christianisme, ou
'Etudes de Philosophie Religieuse.* Par Charles Coquerel. 18mo.
Paris. 1823.

THAT very frequent phrase, 'the dark ages,' which we have heard and used so often from the time of our earliest initiation into history, has become, perhaps, in most minds, surrounded with images of physical obscurity. Even among our maturer thoughts, there may remain an indistinct impression that, during the period usually so designated, there was stretched over the nations a constant shroud of wintry vapours, reaching from the flats of Holland to the steppes of the Crimea, and from the stormy bay of Biscay to the frozen gulf of Finland. And a momentary effort of reason may be required before we can persuade ourselves, that, in those days of intellectual dimness, when men seemed to dream, rather than to think, when the lamp of Science had gone out in the sepulchre of Truth, and when the spider wrought her web from year to year without disturbance over the records of mind,—that in those days, as in these, placid lakes reflected bright blue skies, and dashing streams sparkled in the rays of an unclouded sun. And it may be supposed, that a similar prejudice of the imagination insensibly influences the notions we form of the present state of the moral world. Thus, for example, while we see that our days are made glad by brilliant suns, we do not readily believe, that the times we live in will be spoken of by posterity as times of darkness. This sort of illusive association in the mind between material images and abstract facts, may make us hesitate for a moment to admit, that this vaunted nineteenth century is, throughout the continent of Europe, as well as over the neighbouring divisions of the globe, as dark an age as any that have preceded it.

VOL. XXII. N.S.

B

If, indeed, surprising improvements in all the arts of life,—if the din of machinery in every town,—if steam-engines, and fast colours in printed cottons,—if the glitter of cast-iron cutlery, and well elaborated chemicals, and hard roads, and gas-lights, and Congreve rockets, fill up all that should belong to our notion of an enlightened age, then, truly, the present is not a dark age. But if we must chiefly regard the condition of human nature in its highest interests, and if we believe that wherever the light of the Christian Revelation does not shine, there, there is no true light; if we must grant, that the superstitious mummeries of devout ignorance are ill exchanged for the same mummeries employed to cover the hypocrisy of atheism;—then we must acknowledge that, from one extremity of Europe to the other, the nineteenth century is as dark as was the thirteenth. Let the facts of the case be severally examined and compared, and we believe it will become apparent, that no exaggeration is contained in this assertion;—the sum of such a comparison being, that the religious opinions of the European nations are not less grossly or childishly erroneous, than were the opinions of their ancestors five hundred years ago; and, that the state of *feeling* towards religion throughout these countries, is even less favourable and more offensively profane now, than it was then. It is true, that a door of hope for the Continental nations has been opened of late; but the ray of light that rests upon it, too much dazzles the eyes of British Christians, and too much diverts their attention from the far-stretching gloom around. A general expectation seems to be entertained, that this darkness will neither go on to thicken, nor be of long continuance; but this expectation must be acknowledged to rest upon a vague anticipation of some sudden and almost supernatural changes, to be effected by an extraordinary interference from above, rather than upon any assignable and adequate grounds of common probability.

But let us for a moment compare the circumstances of the present times, with those of the age that preceded the Reformation. In that age, there were, no doubt, to be found, the faithful “seven thousand,”—scattered, divided, and unknown to the world, and to each other; but there no where existed numerous and tolerated societies of the true worshippers of God. The same, and nothing more, may be said of this age.

In that age, philosophic minds looked with a melancholy dissatisfaction upon the corruptions of the existing religious system. But the same class of persons in this age, instead of a melancholy dissatisfaction, regard the very same system with the contempt of an indurated and universal scepticism, that sinks them in moral worth far beneath its deluded votaries.

In *that* age, the frivolous made a jest only of the absurdities under which the substance of religion was concealed. But in *this* age, the frivolous make a jest of the essential principles of religion under every form. In *that* age, the manners of the people were generally licentious, yet, the great truth of a judgement to come held its place in their fears; and, in the day of their calamity, they returned to the faith, and paid it the homage of their terrors, their penitence, and their alms. But in *this* age, the manners of the people are not less generally licentious; and this licentiousness has broken the bands of all fear, as well as cast away the cords of affection; and the profane spirit holds out to the last in its defiance of God and of his laws. In *that* age, an adulterous hierarchy seemed to have filled up the measure of its sins,—to have reached the last state of profligacy, of ignorance, of arrogance, of violent tyranny; so that an intelligent observer might with confidence have predicted, that the first ray of the long obstructed light from Heaven that should break through, would dissipate the delusion, and consume the corruption,—never again to return upon earth. But in *this* age, men have had exposed fully before their eyes, the cheat and the wrong; they have been invited, by often repeated opportunities, to rid themselves of the degrading yoke; yet, they have wittingly sought again the darkness,—have consented to the oppression,—covenanted afresh with the corruption, and after having deliberately looked the hideous evil in the face, they now yield themselves again to its arms. The demon has been expelled, and has returned; and truly, the last state of the possessed is worse than the first.

A distinction must always be made, and borne in mind, between those isolated facts which Christian charity delights to hear of, to seek for, and to believe in,—even where the evidence of their existence cannot be found,—and those more general facts which are matters of common observation, and in relation to which it would be a mere weakness of mind to close our eyes, because the spectacle is painful or fearful. Thus, for example, much scattered evidence may be gathered, from which it may be hoped, that, in every country of Europe, there is a considerable and an increasing number of individuals who hold, love, and obey the word of God. This agreeable hope being admitted, we must then turn to that state of things which is obtruded upon the notice of every one who sets his foot upon any part of the continent. And these obvious and unquestionable facts will force upon us the sad conviction, that, if we put out of the question the existence of certain usages, and the occurrence of certain phrases,—carrying with them

no moral influence,—Europe is not effectively more christianised than Asia.

The prejudices of education and habit do, indeed, strongly incline us good Christians to think, that a Cathedral, with a cross on its summit, is a more Christian-like looking building than a Mosque surmounted with a crescent. And it is hard for us to allow, that those who repeat prayers under the segment of a circle, can be as good men as those who count beads under a transverse rectangle. But unquestionable testimony compels us to confess, that the one mathematical figure is nearly as favourable to *morals* as the other. Nor do we think it could be maintained, that the people of Lisbon, of Grenada, of Naples, or of Moscow, stand higher on the scale of any one of the substantial virtues, than the people of Ispahan, of Aleppo, or even, if we pass beyond the light of the crescent, of Pekin or of Meaco.

Which of the continents—Europe or Asia, promises to be the first subjugated by the religion of the Bible, is a question it would be presumptuous to speculate upon. But it can hardly be affirmed that, on the ground of ordinary probabilities, the one division of mankind is greatly in advance of the other. Perhaps, the actual triumph of truth in both, will be accomplished by means that shall prevent and surprise all human calculations. In the mean time, the duty of those to whom are committed the oracles of God, is matter of no question or doubt. And if, during a hundred years to come, the mass of mankind should continue, as they are now, under the black darkness of foolish and cruel errors, the faithful few would not be a whit discharged from the obligation of this duty by the small success of their long continued efforts.

In regard to the *principal* means by which we must hope and labour to reclaim our brethren from the various error of their ways, no question can be raised. To send the Bible through every *open* channel, and by every *worthy* method, to all who will receive it, is plainly this principal means. Yet are there some auxiliary measures, that may deserve consideration. The Writer before us gives hints of this kind, to which we shall presently advert.

It is a principle which might almost be affirmed as universally true, that great changes in the moral condition of mankind, have not been produced by human agencies designedly directed towards the accomplishment of those specific changes. Even if some *apparent* exceptions to this principle were granted to be indeed exceptions, it would still appear generally to have pleased Him who governs the world, when he leaves men, with all their petty force, to urge on the

minor movements of the great machine, yet, to set their faces in a direction opposite to that in which their efforts are giving it impulse. Even those who have laboured with a cool and intelligent calculation to afflict, to corrupt, to destroy the earth, have, most often, been cheated in the ultimate effect; which has resulted in the re-edification of society upon a better plan, in the diffusion of knowledge, and in the establishment of securities against similar devastations. Of other great changes in the state of the world, the history is lost amid a complication of causes; so that no claim can be advanced in behalf of any individual, of whom it might be said,—This is *his* work; he *planned* it, and he brought it to pass. If we look at the beneficial effects of particular benevolent designs, it will generally be found, that the honoured agents have been placed, as it were by accident, in the midst of their worthy labours, without having had the leisure to indulge in long-drawn calculations of what they were to do. This general principle may even receive confirmation from an observation which many may have had opportunity to make, namely, that men who, all their lives, have been alternately elated and tormented by the planning of vast designs for the melioration of the world, are very rarely the persons actually called out of their obscurity by the voice of the Divine Providence, to become the prime agents in great and happy undertakings. Vastly more has been done for the world by men who, like Jonah, were urged forward in their course against all their intentions, and all their predilections, and all their tastes, than by those who have been forward to run without a commission. To the most eminent and successful servants of mankind, it may be said, with peculiar significance, by their Lord, “You have not chosen me, but I have chosen *you*.”

The tendency of these views is, to promote a patient continuance in those obvious, humble, and unambitious efforts to diffuse the word of life, which are clearly incumbent upon *every one* who holds it in his hands, rather than to encourage the devising of such novel and special plans as might seem adapted to produce more quickly the desired reformation in the corrupted opinions and practices of our fellow men. And the duty required of British Christians seems to be, simply that of *acquitting themselves of their responsibility* as the depositaries of the true religion; while they wait, and hope, and pray for that change in the state of the world, which shall be produced by means at once beyond human agency, and beyond human calculation. Now, so far as concerns this quiet discharge of our responsibilities, we know not that any

thing important could well be added, in *substance*, to those labours of Christian charity that are actually in progress. But, as to the *manner* in which these labours are prosecuted, we think the responsibilities of British Christians towards their brethren of the neighbouring nations, will not be fully acquitted, until the tone and style of their intercourse with them, on subjects connected with religion, shall be greatly altered; and until the maxims of a timid and compromising policy, shall give place to the dictates of manly and Christian sincerity. In order that the following remarks may be liable to the fewer exceptions, they must be understood as referring exclusively to the state of things among our nearest continental neighbours.

Laying aside, then, the anticipation of some extraordinary interposition of the Divine Providence to produce a religious reformation in France, and calculating only upon *calculable* probabilities, it is apparent, that all our hopeful regards must be turned towards the few scattered individuals in that country, whether Romanists or Protestants, whose piety and zeal, or whose enlightened public spirit, seem almost to make them foreigners in their own country, and at home in ours. That these worthy men should view in a full and clear light, their own religious state, their relative position, their responsibilities, and the true condition of their country, is indispensable to their fulfilling the hope that centres in them. And how much does this full and clear view of themselves and of their circumstances, depend upon the fidelity of that reflected image of both, which is presented to them in the manner and the *Reports* of those who visit them from a land which, as they acknowledge, abounds with better feelings, and enjoys a purer light! Do we not know, that our own privately formed conceptions of things are liable to be, suddenly, either diminished or enlarged ten-fold, by the impression which we perceive the same objects make upon those whom we believe to be like-minded, and better instructed than ourselves? The zeal of one who has in secret sighed and wept over prevailing corruptions, until he is inspired with the fervour and the constancy of a martyr, may, in a moment, be chilled down into hopeless and degrading timidity, by his first conference with foreign brethren, who hear his recitals with a lower feeling than his own, and who, if they do not whisper to him the maxims of a too cautious policy, impart more of the spirit of patience, than of enterprise. A case cannot, perhaps, be imagined, in which we can be required actively to urge our brother forward towards the fires of martyrdom; but if he is placed where "Satan's seat is," and where he may be

actually exposed to this trial, we do him an incalculable injury, when we whisper a thought of compromise, that may make his constancy to falter.

The few individuals of this character at present to be found in France, are immediately confronted with the irreligious and licentious members, and the heterodox and intolerant heads of their own communion, with whom will be their first conflict; and by whom, if they prove faithful to their high calling, they will, ere long, be abandoned or betrayed into the strong hands of the government, as incorrigible fanatics, to be dealt with by force. Unless political changes should alter the position of parties, to us it seems inevitable, that these persons should meet with actual persecution; and that, by their sufferings and humble courage, perhaps by their blood, they must win for their country a *real*, as well as a chartered religious liberty. By sympathy with their sufferings, and by means of their appeals, there may gradually be created in France a party, at present not existing, whose strong and serious convictions shall render them unconquerable; and to whom, at length, must be conceded, what has been at length conceded to the dissidents of England. To the pious few in France, the language of appropriate Christian counsel would dwell on the strength, courage, and grace which shall be needed to meet the fiery trial. And all the incitement, and all the support that can be given, are due to them from their brethren of England. Well will it be if this needed *spiritual* aid shall be administered with an entire exclusion of the pestiferous suggestions of certain politico-religious fanatics, who are ever wandering through dry places, seeking occasion to promote conflagration. Our free country has always bred, and it still breeds, a small party of men, whose brains have been scorched by a rabid hatred of "dignities." These persons would exult to find in France, or indeed any where, individuals who might be instigated to an open contempt of the "powers that be;" and who, once pushed into the fires of persecution, would be talked of here in speeches long and loud,—and—abandoned. May He who is wont to restrain the wrath of man, avert the interference!

Besides the pious members of the *Reformed* communion, the agents of our several religious societies are occasionally brought into contact with some not less pious persons,—members of the Romish Church. Our intercourse with individuals of this description, if it be at once faithful and wise, is a matter of so much difficulty and delicacy that we can hardly venture a suggestion on the subject. But we think it evident, that the spirit of the present times places all the

danger on the side of a certain Christian *bonhomme*, very naturally inspired by the pleasure of finding piety where we had not looked for it; the effect of which must be, to lull the slumbers of these estimable individuals in the arms of the idolatrous communion to which they belong; thereby lessening the probability of their becoming the active instruments of overthrowing its corruptions. An enlightened and pious Protestant cannot, we think, hold continued intercourse with a pious Romanist under *any circumstances* which shall free him from the obligation to *protest*, and to repeat the warning, "Come out of her." We doubt whether there is to be found in the present day, a single *conscientious* Romanist of sound understanding and competent knowledge, quite free from certain disquietudes on the subject of his religion, which, though they are never freely admitted among his thoughts, he is unable to appease or dismiss. Perhaps, nothing can more directly tend to waken these hopeful anxieties, and to bring them to a favourable issue, than a friendly intercourse with persons whom all his best feelings oblige him to acknowledge as Christian brethren, while his own Church, in her loudest and plainest tones, commands him to think of them and to treat them as the worst enemies of God, and the undoubted heirs of perdition. This sort of proof of the arrogant error of his Church, comes close home to the heart; and it even appeals to the understanding more irresistibly than that derived from the evidence of his senses, persuading him that a wafer is still a wafer. For when things supernatural are to be credited, the mind is not staggered by a little more or a little less in the miracle. But no authority, no prejudice will avail in a sound mind and a Christian heart, to produce the conviction, that the purity of manners, the active beneficence, the love of God, the faith, the humility, the heavenly-mindedness, which have past under its own observation, are, in fact, only the false shews of damnable heresy, and the fearful omens of an impending and final exclusion from the Divine favour. To believe that God may, in special instances, contravene the laws of the material world, is easy; but to believe that he will ever permit the laws of the moral world to clash, is impossible. We say, then, that the intercourse of pious Protestants with pious Romanists, affords an opportunity not to be trifled with; and that it should be directed by the aim to urge forward the above-mentioned auspicious perplexity towards the vastly important inference in which alone it can be resolved. Nor can the immediate attainment of any seemingly desirable object excuse, on our part, a bland *finesse*, — a false charity, that would lead us to represent the con-

scientific difficulties of the Romanist as among the many which may safely be left to be explained in the day when all doubts shall be cleared up. There are some questions that must be determined *now*, under peril of our own salvation: there are other questions that must be determined *now*, under peril of the salvation of all to whom our influence may possibly extend. If the question concerning the pretended authority of the Romish Church be not one of the first class, it clearly belongs to the second.

But there is yet another, and a very different class of persons in France, with whom the agents of our several religious societies are brought in frequent friendly correspondence. We refer to those liberal-minded and partially enlightened men, who may be adduced as specimens of the influences of the Revolution, viewed on its fairer side. They have imbibed the heartiest abhorrence of all that was abhorrent in the ancient order of things; they have stood at a sufficient distance from the scene, to condemn the deeds and to dread the principles of the men by whom the Revolution was achieved; they have watched the course of a complete experiment for founding a government of brute force upon the doctrine of atheism; and they acknowledge the ill result and the utter failure of this experiment. They witness with disgust, the attempt to bring back the forms of a religion which has now nothing left to it but its forms, its follies, and its evils. They look wistfully towards England, where they see the unblemished and safe triumph of reason, and of liberty, under the immediate auspices of a system, of which, indeed, they have no distinct notion, but which they know is called *le Christianisme*. They are willing,—nay, they wish, and are ready to give effect to their wishes by their exertions,—they wish to introduce this *Christianisme* among their countrymen. They hail, therefore, with pleasure the visits of men who profess to bear the panacea, and to understand the mode of its administration; and they yield to them the deference due to messengers of health from a land where the balm seems indigenous. The respectable men to whom we are referring, have then certainly a claim upon all the wisdom that can be found among us for their aid. They have this claim on many grounds: especially because, if yet lacking in true knowledge, it must in candour be confessed, that they have gained as much of it as has been fully placed within their reach. One or two quotations from the well intended volume before us, will best shew in what region of thought these persons are moving.

M. Coquerel, we would fain hope, knows more about Christianity than appears in his book. He labours to recal

the attention of his countrymen to the Bible; but, by an error of judgement very common in such cases, he seems to have deemed it necessary to cringe to existing prejudices, and to confine himself scrupulously within the limits of certain phrases, licenced in good company. He would piously trick his reader into an acceptance of *the Book*, by closely wrapping it in an envelope of philosophic generalities. Nor dares he to place openly in front of the *lumières du siècle*, any one of the 'dogmas' it contains;—unless, indeed, it be such of them as are countenanced by natural religion. Thus, when *le christianisme* is the theme of discourse, it is allowable to talk of *l'immortalité de l'ame*, or *la pureté des mœurs*; and, further than this, it may be safe to mention—*la constance, dans les souffrances, des premiers Chrétiens*, or *la sainte simplicité des Apôtres*; and even perhaps, if no circumlocution will serve instead, to introduce the initials N.S.J.C. But neither M. Coquerel nor, we suppose, any writer who hopes to gain a moment's attention among readers *bien instruits*, would presume to found a bold appeal to the conscience upon a doctrine the authority of which is derived *exclusively* from the Bible. No such writer would now dare employ, as his own, the explicit language addressed by the preachers of the age of Louis XIV. to that licentious prince; much less can it be attempted, in the plain language of the Scriptures, to urge upon the 'enlightened people of France,' repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Author before us, we do not doubt, sincerely believes that the Bible is what it claims to be. But is he so simple, or so ill informed, as not to know, that the far-famed writers whose works ushered in the Revolution, devoted their strength to the accomplishment of a deliberate conspiracy against revealed religion? Or, knowing this, how can he speak of them as he does? It might well be allowed him to admire the genius of these men; and, as a Frenchman, an extravagant admiration of their genius may be permitted to him. But language such as the following, we can account for in no other way, than by attributing it to a very ill-judged endeavour to conciliate and to flatter that fatal prejudice in favour of the Encyclopedists, which still holds almost the entire male population of France in the chains of atheism. What will avail the Author's timid endeavours to confute the errors of these writers, when he thus concludes his account of their systems?

* Such were some of the errors of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century:—they were all derived from the spirit of the times. But who shall attempt to appreciate the amount of good

which these writers produced? Can the most fertile imagination form to itself a just representation of the sum of happiness,—of intelligence,—of liberty,—of *morality*, which *their* theories have realized in the world, and the immense advantages which they still promise for the future? Never did these men neglect an occasion for defending the claims of toleration, of equality, of reason. Never let us pronounce their names without respect. It is no wonder that their works are reprinted every day. Their principles belong to all times. These philosophers were *what they ought to have been*. They performed admirably the part that was assigned to them. Their manner, brilliant with wit and grace, gave the fatal blow to inveterate abuses; and overthrew long-standing evils, of which the fall might have been retarded by a more serious mode of attack. The light which they shed abroad, still shines upon the field that is every where strewn with the wrecks of the institutions that fell under their influence. Coming after them, there is nothing left for us to demolish: we have only to clear away the rubbish; and all that remains for us to do, is, to labour without ceasing, to substitute in the place of their incomplete philosophy, principles more certain, because they will be derived from the true nature of the human mind, and more useful, because they will give an immoveable basis to morals.

Addressing the youth of France in his concluding chapter, M. Coquerel says:—

‘Let us beware lest we forget those to whom we owe all our present advantages. Let a holy gratitude consecrate the memory of the men who have cleared for us the way,—of those philosophers whose manly genius scattered the darkness of their age,—of those sages who made truth to be heard, even within the courts of kings,—of those benefactors of the human race whose lessons were misunderstood by their contemporaries. The day which they announced, has arisen upon us;—for, to us it is permitted to think as they thought, and to speak what we think.’

‘If it were allowable to imagine a recompense worthy of the labours of these great men, we might venture to suppose that it is granted to their immortal spirits, to contemplate the fruit of their exertions; to see their memory on earth becoming every day more fondly cherished, and their example held in higher veneration.’

This is French rhetoric; and, alas! it is French feeling. It would be idle to remonstrate seriously against it: our sole object in bringing these passages before our readers, is, to illustrate that state of opinion among even the *better portion* of the French people, which is too plainly indicated by them. While he rendered to the philosophers of the Revolution the tribute of praise due to their genius, and while he allowed to them the merit of having laboured sincerely and successfully in demolishing the ancient order of things, with its evils, it was incumbent upon a writer professedly a friend of Christianity, to

reprobate in the strongest terms their atheism, their profligacy, and their malignancy; and to throw back upon them the reproach of having utterly rooted out, not only the principle of religious belief, but almost every sentiment of morality from the soil of France.

We shall quote one passage more, which sets in a still stronger light the irreligious condition of the mass of the people, and the hopeless distance they have travelled beyond the reach of the recalling voice of Revealed Religion. The Author is suggesting the propriety of accompanying the distribution of the Scriptures in France with some brief preliminary apology; without which, he confidently predicts, that the Bible will never be opened by his countrymen, or will be opened only to be spurned!

‘ I am here constrained to dissent, on an important point, from the opinions of those who have framed the fundamental regulations of Bible Societies. Far from admiring the precaution to which they attach so much importance, of never accompanying the Sacred text with note or comment of any kind, I am persuaded that, in many countries, but especially in France, the labours of our Bible Societies are rendered fruitless by this very condition. In the first place, it is an incontestable fact that ought never to be lost sight of, that, in the bosom of our country, the state of opinion relative to the Christian Scriptures wears an appearance altogether different from that which it assumes in Germany, or in England. Among these people, the sacred writings are studied with unwearied assiduity. They are quoted with a respect that naturally results from their having been, from remote times, without any interruption, the object of religious regard. In France, there is nothing of this. The Bible does not present itself to our people, surrounded with recollections favourable to its serious and attentive perusal:—it is absolutely a new book. It is necessary to familiarise the people with the truths it contains,—to induce the volatile mind to commence a study which demands a degree of attention,—to persuade them to undertake the perusal, and to inspire them with a motive that shall give them patience to accomplish it. And in these respects, every thing is yet to be done. Generally speaking, the Scriptures are almost entirely unknown in France. Nearly all that is known of the Gospels by the people, is comprised in a few quotations, perfidiously rendered, and some passages, maliciously commented upon. There exists, moreover, a strong prejudice against the sacred volume, the deplorable consequence of the ridicule which has been heaped upon it. No writings can less invite ridicule; but ridicule, which injures whatever it assails, is fatal to the influence of things sacred. Nor are there to be found among us any just notions of the nature and the merits of the poetry of the Bible; which, in truth, is such as should assign it an elevated rank among works of imagination, if reasons of a higher kind did not give it a yet stronger claim to respect. It is necessary, therefore, to begin

by attempting to destroy all these unfavourable impressions, which inevitably neutralize, in great measure, any good effect that might be produced by a perusal of the Bible. So long as these prejudices remain, the Scriptures may indeed have, in the eyes of the people of France, a certain merit on the ground of the morality they inculcate, but will never possess those features of antiquity and of dignity, which serve so much to attach and to charm pious minds. No doubt, it is painful to be obliged to acknowledge that obstacles of this sort exist; but experience presents them before us at every step: they are the difficulties of the course upon which we have entered. Let us now inquire in what way they may be surmounted.'

Although what follows is foreign to our immediate purpose, we shall, on another account, continue our quotation.

'The plan to be pursued, is plainly indicated to us by the nature of the case.—The Sacred Scriptures ought never to be presented to the public, unaccompanied with a concise and clear summary of the historical evidence upon which their authenticity rests. At the commencement of each book, there should be placed a table of the testimonies by which its antiquity is proved, and an account of the circumstances under which it was written. It should be explained in what way it has been handed down to our times, unimpaired; and proofs should be given of its having escaped unhurt the ravages of time, the negligence of transcribers, and the restless spirit of fanaticism. There should be set forth, the powerful motives which produced the wide diffusion of Christianity at its first publication, and which, in so many instances, subdued even its enemies. All this might be done in a manner the most simple, perspicuous, and convincing. The great matter for the people of France,—ardent as they are, and disposed to pursue to its utmost extent, every idea they lay hold of,—is to have the means of learning, by a series of contemporary testimonies, carried up to the earliest times of the Church, that, in the whole compass of ancient literature or history, no book can be named, the authenticity of which can be so triumphantly established, as that of the Bible. This is the point of supreme importance; and until it be duly provided for, we must not expect any great success in our Bible Societies. The second point is, to shew on what grounds so many nations adopted with eagerness, the religion of the Bible fifteen hundred years ago; and on what grounds they ought, with equal eagerness, to receive it now. Without these easy and indispensable introductions, the Sacred Writings will be, to the French, only like other books; except that they will be read in a spirit of rivalry that must entirely destroy their proper influence. Let it not be objected to the plan here proposed, that the different bodies of Protestants who have exhibited so striking an example of concord in uniting their efforts for the diffusion of the Scriptures, could never be brought to join in the execution of a plan so much in accordance with the spirit of the Reformation. Have they then forgotten the principles to which they owe their existence as religious bodies? The matter in question is nothing more than to prepare a digest of histori-

cal proofs. Are they, indeed, so far divided in opinion, that they cannot agree relative to the most obvious facts? I can readily conceive that they must refuse to prefix to the Bible any systematic summary of the doctrines which are derived from its pages. This precaution is most wise: it would be highly dangerous to depart from it. It must be left to every man to ascertain for himself the doctrines of religion. Christians must raise with their own hands the edifice of their faith, in order that the foundations of it may remain unshaken. For nothing can remove men from a religion which themselves, in the sincerity of their hearts, have demonstrated to be supported by the authority of Revelation. But we are clearly engaged in an incomplete and fruitless labour, if we obstinately persist in refusing to accompany the Scriptures with some such abridged historic testimony of their authenticity. No, assuredly, the disciples of the Reformation are not so widely divided in views and intention, that they cannot meet in the design to prepare a summary of facts; or even to explain the motives which influenced the Reformers to break the yoke of a Church that was not evangelical.

The above suggestions we leave to be considered by those whom the business concerns: certainly, they are worthy of being very seriously considered. To return to the state of religion in France. Such observation as we have had opportunity to make, inclines us to believe, that Mad. de Staël, concentrating by her genius a variety of influences belonging to the times,—formed, and has left behind her, a numerous sect in France, now constituting the soundest and the best informed portion of the educated class.

The opinions of this sect,—but we would not shock them by talking of their opinions, *car ils n'ont point de dogmes*,—well, then, their sentiments are founded upon the two or three following articles:—*l'immortalité de l'ame*; *respect pour l'Evangile*; (of which, however, they do not think it necessary, in the present enlightened age, often to unhook the clasps;) an absolute neglect *de tous les dogmes speculatifs*; and the principle that while religious observances are quite superfluous *pour les hommes éclairés*,—the *gens du peuple* must be provided with *un culte, des prêtres, and des spectacles*. These well intentioned but ill instructed persons lend their willing aid to every liberal and benevolent design; and so bland is their philosophy, such the vagueness of their own opinions, and such their ignorance of the specific grounds of existing religious opinions, that they might be drawn into almost any course by an influence that should be congenial with their temper. This easiness offers, as we fear, too strong a temptation to the polite and compromising spirit which just now prevails among us; for nothing is needed to secure the friendship and aid of this liberal party, but an extension of the policy with which we have become fa-

miliar at home. And if our object be to win, at any price, long and euphonous lists of brilliant patronage, such practices must not be condemned. But, in truth, it is a serious thing, even for the sake of smuggling the Bible into a country, to lull our unthinking coadjutors in their fatal errors, by a complaisant avoidance of all but the most vague generalities.

Little will it avail, that we take occasion now and then to whisper to our foreign friends some vapid truisms. For when the minds of men have travelled far from the way of truth, they can hardly ever be recalled, except by a direct reference to *specific facts*, and *specific opinions*. Thus, for example, the party to which we have just alluded, look back upon the religious history of their own country through an illusive medium, which utterly conceals from them the lesson they ought to read in it. One may hear them, with all the serenity and all the benignity of supernal intelligences, speaking of the Waldenses as simple creatures—the victims of an innocent enthusiasm, &c. &c.; of the Hugonots, as pitiable and in many instances estimable, though obstinate fanatics, &c. &c.; and of the Jansenists, as fierce and devout dogmatists, whose energies were spent upon their austerities, and the fruitless pursuit of metaphysical subtleties, &c. &c. And by these and many such like sage inanities, the eyes of these persons *bien instruits*, are tight-bandaged against the possible admission of true religion. Now this bandage ought to be removed by the first Christian friend, whose intercourse with them shall give him the opportunity to say:—The men whom you thus lightly speak of, were, in substantial knowledge, in true wisdom, in purity of manners, in force of character, immeasurably your superiors. They are the very men whom you must take as your patterns. You must peruse their lives, inspire yourselves with their zeal, and fortify your courage by the recollection of theirs. You must follow their faith, read the Scriptures as they read them, and if, in these studies, you want direction, seek it in their writings. You will not have made a first step in religion, until you have entered upon the path that bears the prints of their feet. In condemning the martyrs and the worthies of ancient France, you do but take up the theme of a school-boy. For what smatterer in history does not know, that men who have been closely pent up between surrounding absurdities, have always unavoidably been forced into some opposite distortions of opinion? Who does not know, that the best and the wisest men, if all their days they have been crushed under intolerable oppressions, have at times been maddened by their sufferings? Who does not know, that the loftiest spirits, having to contend for important principles, against crafty, shameless, and

profligate sophists, must often have been obliged to pursue their adversaries home to their dens, through all the briars and the poisoned marshes where they haunt? Leave, then, these jejune and obvious topics to those who can look only at the surface of things, and who, in every subject they examine, must needs find some ground of self-gratulation. But rather learn this lesson from the history of religion in your own country;—That if formerly there existed purity of manners in *France*, it must have been derived from doctrines that are now utterly unknown there; that if formerly there was found in *France* a serious and manly spirit, capable of enduring sufferings for conscience sake, it must have been supported by a faith that has long since disappeared; that if formerly there were in *France*, men able, by their learning and their intelligence, to confound popes, cardinals, and jesuits, they must have been trained in a school of which no vestige remains. When pure manners, and a serious religious spirit, and substantial learning shall be recovered in France, it must be by a return to the faith, the manners, and the spirit of its persecuted worthies. Instead, therefore, of looking back upon the dissidents of France, in successive ages, with affected pity, you must call them your Fathers; you must follow their faith, and follow their courage.

With language such as this we should boldly put to the test the sincerity of our liberal friends in France. To us it seems, that one of the most promising means that could be used with the hope of wakening the Protestants of France from the dead sleep of heresy,—of inciting in the liberal party serious and efficient thought, and, if it be possible, of bringing some few of the pious Romanists out of their corrupt communion,—would be the compilation and dissemination of a concise history of Religion in that country, during the last five or seven centuries. Such a history, to answer any good purpose, must, indeed, unite some rare excellencies. It must be absolutely free from the taint of sectarianism, as well as from all political malignancies: it must not be written by an indignant dissident, any more than by an arrogant priest. It must be at once truly Christian and truly philosophical; but it must neither adopt the phrases of the religionists of this country, nor the inane and disgusting philosophical cant which is at present in fashion in France. The leading object of such a history would be, to shew, that whenever the substantial excellencies of the Christian religion have appeared in France, it has been among the small and oppressed party;—that these excellencies have been of a kind and degree, not to be accounted for by the shallow and arrogant theories of infidel philosophers;—that

the faith and the spirit of these successive parties,—whether within or without the pale of the national church, have been *essentially the same*;—and that this faith and this spirit are also essentially the same that have been derived from the Bible in all ages, by all who have made it their study and their sole authority. The style of thinking and reasoning in France upon moral, political, and religious subjects, is vague, pompous, antithetical, and inconclusive, far removed from all laborious inquiry, strict adherence to facts, and close deduction. Such a style naturally belongs to the shallowness and the levity of scepticism; but it is wholly unfit for the serious discussion of positive principles. In our friendly intercourse with our continental neighbours, instead of adapting ourselves good-humouredly to their bad manner of thinking and talking, we should resolutely adhere to our own; and presume upon their good sense, while we constantly confine their attention to *actual facts, to particular and closely drawn inferences, and to the direct proofs of specific principles*. Especially we should avoid all the flattering phrases of a false charity. Mere absurdities of opinion may be exposed, while we conciliate the vanity of the party with whom we have to do; but men are never reclaimed from grave errors, until self-love be deeply wounded.

To the writer before us, we give credit for the best intentions. His speculations on religious subjects would seem, perhaps, rather vague to English readers; but we will not question their being likely to benefit those to whom they are addressed. If we understand aright one of M. Coquerel's notes, he promises a volume of a more specific kind, on the subject of religion. We heartily wish him the diligence, the seriousness of spirit, and the aid from above, that are requisite for such a work.

-
- Art. II. 1. *The whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore: with a Life of the Author, and a critical Examination of his Writings.* By Reginald Heber, A.M. 15 Vols. 8vo. Price 9l. London, 1822.
2. *The Life of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D.* By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. post 8vo. Price 15s. London, 1824.

WE hold ourselves indebted to the enterprising publishers of this well-edited and well-printed collection, for the very high gratification of possessing a uniform edition of the entire works of one of the greatest men of an age fertile in genius and virtue. With all our predilection for old folios, as well as for the black ink and solid type of former times, we

are not insensible to the advantage of ranging on our shelves, in a convenient form for use and reference, a series of volumes enshrining the rich remains of the brilliant intellect of Jeremy Taylor. Many of his works were rare; the different editions frequently vary in their contents; and in the best, the printer has by no means done his work with accuracy. Hence it became peculiarly desirable, that the whole should be brought together, that a correct transcript from the most complete copies should be made under the eye of a competent editor, and that a full apparatus of indices should be appended. All this has been done in such a way as to leave nothing to be desired. 'The correction of the press, the verification of the numerous quotations and references, and, in some instances, the rectification of the previous readings,' have been carefully and judiciously attended to by the Rev. J. R. Pitman; while the general arrangement and superintendence could not fail of successful execution in the hands of Reginald Heber. A difficulty occurred in the outset, which has, we think, been met, not altogether in the best, though certainly in the most convenient and systematic manner. It was necessary to determine the order of publication; and, though the obvious advantages of a chronological series were not overlooked, there were many reasons which rendered it adviseable, in Mr. H.'s view, to adopt a different method. 'The works have been accordingly divided under the several heads of Practical, Polemical, Casuistic, and Devotional; but, subject to this division, they have been arranged, as nearly as possible, according to the dates of their respective publication.'

In 1815, the Rev. Henry Kaye Bonney, whom Mr. Heber is pleased to designate as his 'learned and *amiable* friend,' put forth a 'Life of the Right Reverend Father in God, Jeremy Taylor, D.D.' which was reviewed by us in December 1816. That volume was so far from exhibiting the moral trait selected by Mr. Heber as one of the characteristics of his predecessor, that we were compelled to stigmatize it as betraying an ill-concealed design of making the memoirs of the bishop, 'a vehicle of invective against the enemies of the Star-chamber and the opponents of Episcopacy; an occasion of preferring the most extravagant claims in behalf of the hierarchy, and a channel through which flattery of a most fulsome and indiscriminate nature might be lavished on its more dignified members.' This miserable production seems to have occasioned some little embarrassment to Mr. Heber; he greets it, however, with the courteous observation, that 'it would have precluded the necessity of all succeeding labourers in the cause, had not a more detailed and critical examination of

'Taylor's writings been contemplated, than fell within the scope of his (Mr. Bonney's) plan.' Whatever might be the reason, we are glad of the result, since it has given us a biography of Taylor, at once worthy of its subject, and highly creditable to its Author, as a liberal-spirited and most accomplished man. Something is to be allowed to circumstances and associations; and if we cannot congratulate Mr. Heber on having wholly exempted himself from these, we are not to forget that our opposite and, as we believe, more correct notions on certain points, have made us more quick-sighted than he could possibly be.

We have, at different periods, called the attention of our readers to portions of the voluminous works which bear the impress of Jeremy Taylor's consummate genius and not less consummate learning; but we have not yet had the opportunity, which we gladly seize on the present occasion, of giving a general view and estimate of his writings; a task to which we shall now address ourselves with a feeling of regret, that we cannot pursue it at greater length and with more minuteness than we shall be able to afford. Of the events of his life, our notice will be only incidental, since we have already, in an article before alluded to, made them the subject of specific comment; and we must further refer our readers to our Number for February 1817, in which they will find a review of the "Contemplations on the State of Man," containing much that is applicable in the present instance, and that we shall therefore feel it unnecessary to repeat.

If, indeed, we deemed it expedient, or compatible with the limits of this article, to accompany Mr. Heber through the various and interesting matter of his spirited and well-written memoir, we should find frequent opportunity for praise, and sometimes occasion of difference. He is too well known to our readers as a writer, to render encomium necessary on this point; and the liberality of his sentiments is so thoroughly ascertained, as to take away the inclination we might otherwise feel, to use strong language in reply to certain observations of a sectarian character. An illustration or two shall be given of the interesting way in which he manages the accessories to his general subject. In his brief account of the genealogy of the Bishop, Mr. Heber had occasion to mention the illustrious martyr, Dr. Rowland Taylor, as one of his immediate ancestors; and, after touching on the main circumstances of the persecution, he concludes the episode as follows:—

'There is nothing, indeed, more beautiful in the whole beautiful Book of Martyrs, than the account which Fox has given of Rowland

Taylor, whether in the discharge of his duty as a parish priest, or in the more arduous moments when he was called on to bear his cross in the cause of religion. His warmth of heart, his simplicity of manners, the total absence of the false stimulants of enthusiasm or pride, and the abundant overflow of better and holier feelings, are delineated, no less than his courage in death, and the buoyant cheerfulness with which he encountered it, with a spirit only inferior to the eloquence and dignity of the Phædon. Something, indeed, must be allowed for the manners of the age, before we can be reconciled to the coarse vigour of his pleasantry, his jocular menace to Bonner, and his jests with the sheriff on his own stature and corpulency. But nothing can be more delightfully told, than his refusal to fly from the lord chancellor's officers; his dignified, yet modest determination to await death in the discharge of his duty: and his affectionate and courageous parting with his wife and children. His recollection, when led to the stake, of 'the blind man and woman,' his pensioners, is of the same delightful character; nor has Plato any thing more touching, than the lamentation of his parishioners over his dishonoured head and long white beard, and his own meek rebuke to the wretch who drew blood from that venerable countenance. Let not my readers blame me for this digression. They will have cause to thank me, if it induces them to refer to a history, which few men have ever read without its making them 'sadder and better.'

The following extract, though conveying useful information in a very agreeable way, strikes us as being not quite in character with the general subject. We may be somewhat fastidious on these points; but it does appear to us a little out of keeping, for the Rev. Reginald Heber, in the life of Bishop Taylor, to bring in the merry-making personages of Massinger's play, and the flippant lacqueys of the French comedy, for the purpose of illustrating the situation of a college sizar. It looks too much like an anxiety to exhibit extent and variety of reading, and reminds us of a much more direct and unquestionable violation of good taste which we once heard from Mr. H. when occupying the pulpit of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. We allude to his marked and specific introduction of the *Alcestis*, in connexion with an investigation of a most important Christian doctrine. We have no Gothic antipathy to the *belles lettres*, and we can relish the exquisite drama of Athens as keenly as Mr. Heber, though perhaps less conversant with its peculiarities; but we really cannot distinguish the *à-propos* of bringing into contact, the theatre and the Gospel, Euripides and St. Paul. In the present instance, however, it is not to be forgotten, that, in one point of view, excursions of this kind are permissible in application to Jeremy Taylor, whose reading was of the most extensive and multifarious kind; he was perfectly omnivorous, and as little

troubled with discretion in the communication of his knowledge, as with scruples about kind or quantity in its acquisition.

‘ When thirteen years old, on the 18th of August, 1626, he was entered at Caius College as a sizar, or poor scholar; an order of students who then were what the ‘servitors’ still continue to be in some colleges in Oxford, and what ‘the lay brethren’ are in the convents of the Romish church. This was an institution which, however it may be now at variance with the feelings and manners of the world, was, in its original, very far from deserving the reprobation which has been sometimes cast on it, and owed, indeed, its beginning to a zeal for the education of the poor, as well directed as it was humane and Christian. In the time of our ancestors, the interval between the domestics and the other members of a family was by no means so great, nor fenced with so harsh and impenetrable a barrier, as in the present days of luxury and excessive refinement. As the highest rank of subjects was elevated then at a greater height than they now are above the most considerable private gentry, so the latter constituted a far more efficient link in the great chain of society, and a far easier gradation existed between the nobles and that class of men from whom their own domestics were taken. There was, in those days, no supposed humiliation in offices which are now accounted menial, but which the peer then received as a matter of course from ‘the gentlemen of his household;’ and which were paid to the knight or gentleman by domestics chosen in the families of his own most respectable tenants; while, in the humbler ranks of middle life, it was the uniform and recognized duty of the wife to wait on her husband, the child on his parents, the youngest of the family on his elder brothers or sisters. But while the subordination of service was thus perfect and universal, this very universality softened its rigours. The well-born and well-educated retainers of a noble family were admitted by its head to that confidence and familiarity which their rank and attainments justified. The servants of the manor-house were usually the humbler friends of the master and mistress, whose playmates they had been during childhood, and under whose protection they hoped to grow old. We have been, most of us, impressed with the tone of equality assumed by the valets of the old French comedy; and the jovial familiarity of Furnace, Amble, and Order, in Massinger’s ‘New Way to pay Old Debts,’ is a well known and, probably, an accurate portrait, of that species of graduated intercourse which once connected the aristocracy, and the throne itself, with the humblest orders of society, and in the abolition of which it may be reasonably doubted whether all parties are not rather losers than gainers.’

‘The few passages in which Mr. Heber has felt it necessary—we do not mean to insinuate that he has in the least gone out of his way for that purpose—to express opinions, and bring forward circumstances, favourable to the hierarchy of England,

and, in a greater or less degree, injurious to its opponents, might perhaps be passed over altogether without any disadvantage to either cause. We must, however, be permitted to make a few casual remarks as opportunities present themselves. One of the earliest, and, assuredly, one of the weakest of these, occurs in reference to the parliamentary deprivation of Taylor when rector of Uppingham. 'There is not,' remarks Mr. Heber, 'the smallest appearance, during the following years of Taylor's life, that he received any part of that pittance which the clergy presented to livings by the parliamentary commissioners, were enjoined to pay to their expelled predecessors.' Is there any evidence to the contrary? Neither Mr. Heber nor Mr. Bonney has been able to obtain any information whatever concerning this event in the life of Taylor. The very date of the sequestration is unknown, and the name of his successor is uncertain. His 'subsequent poverty' proves nothing, inasmuch as it was not likely to be efficiently relieved by a 'pittance.' We should be inclined rather to infer the payment of the stipulated portion, from the entire absence of complaint and remonstrance in all existing documents. The length of the following observations has occasioned us some hesitation as to the expediency of citation; but, as they express the sentiments of an able and high-minded clergyman, on questions of much importance in the Dissenting controversy, we shall give them entire, and subjoin a brief corrective of the objectionable points.

'It has happened almost uniformly, in cases of religious difference, that those schisms have been most bitter, if not most lasting, which have arisen on topics of dispute comparatively unimportant, and where the contending parties had, apparently, least to concede, and least to tolerate. Nor are there many instances on record, which more fully and more unfortunately exemplify this general observation, than that of the quarrel and final secession of the Puritan clergy from the Church, in the year 1662. Both parties, in that case, were agreed on the essentials of Christianity. Both professed themselves not unwilling to keep out of sight, and mutually endure, the few doctrinal points on which a difference existed between them. The leading Puritans were even disposed to submit to that episcopal government, their opposition to which, during former reigns, had created so much disturbance, and had led, by degrees, to such abundant bloodshed and anarchy. And it is no less true than strange, that this great quarrel, which divided so many holy and learned preachers of the common faith, was occasioned and perpetuated by men, who, chiefly resting their objections on the form and colour of an ecclesiastical garment, the wording of a prayer, or the injunction of kneeling at the Eucharist, were willing, for questions like these, to disturb the peace of the religious world, and subject themselves to the same

severities which they had previously inflicted on the episcopal clergy.

With these men, whether in England or Ireland, there were apparently only three lines of conduct for the ruling powers to follow. The first was, the adoption of such a liturgy and form of church government as would, at once, satisfy the advocates of episcopacy and presbytery. This was attempted in vain; and was, indeed, a measure, the failure of which, a very slight attention to the prejudices and animosity of both parties would have enabled a bystander to anticipate. The second was that which was, at least virtually, promised by the King in the Declaration of Breda; namely, that uniformity of discipline and worship should, for the present, not be insisted on; that the Presbyterian and Independent preachers should, during their lives, be continued in the churches where they were settled; ejecting only those who had been forcibly intruded, to the prejudice of persons yet alive, and who might legally claim re-instatement; and filling up the vacancies of such as died, with ministers episcopally ordained and canonically obedient. In this case, it is possible that, as the stream of preferment and patronage would have been confined to those who conformed, as the great body of the nation were strongly attached to the Liturgy, and gave a manifest preference to those churches where it was used; and as the covenanting clergy would have no longer been under the influence of that point of honour, which, when its observance was compulsory, induced them to hold out against it,—the more moderate, even of the existing generation, would have by degrees complied with their own interests and the inclination of their flocks; while the course of nature, and the increasing infirmities of age, must, in a few years, have materially diminished the numbers and influence of the more pertinacious. We have found, in fact, by experience, that the Liturgy has, through its intrinsic merits, obtained, by degrees, no small degree of reverence even among those who, on other grounds, or on no grounds at all, dissent from the church of England as at present constituted. And it is possible that, by thus forbearing to press its observance on those whose minds were so ill prepared to receive it, a generation would soon have arisen, to whom their objections would have appeared in their natural weakness, and the greatest and least rational of those schisms have been prevented, which have destroyed the peace and endangered the existence of the British churches.

But, while we, at the present day, are amusing ourselves with schemes of what we should have done had we lived in the time of our fathers, it may be well, for the justification of these last, to consider how little the principles of toleration were then understood by either party; how deeply and how recently the episcopal clergy, and even the laity of the same persuasion, had suffered from the very persons who now called on them for forbearance; how ill the few measures which were really proposed, of a conciliatory nature, were met by the disingenuousness of some of the presbyterian leaders, and the absurd bigotry of others; and the reasonable suspicion which was thus excited, that nothing would content them but the entire prescrip-

tion of the forms to which they objected. Nor can we greatly wonder, that, under such circumstances, the third and simplest course was adopted,—that, namely, of imposing afresh on all, a liturgy, to which the great body of the people was ardently attached, and the disuse of which, in any particular parishes, (when the majority of congregations enjoyed it,) was likely to be attended with abundant discontent and inconvenience. These considerations are, indeed, no apology for the fresh aggressions of which the episcopalian party were guilty; for their unseasonable, though well intended alterations of the liturgy; and the hostile clauses inserted in their new act of uniformity. Far less can they extenuate the absurd wickedness of the persecution afterwards resorted to against those whom these measures had confirmed in their schism. But they may lead us to apprehend that, (though a very few concessions more would have kept such men as Baxter and Philip Henry in the Church,) there would have been very many whom no concession would have satisfied; and that the offence of schism was in a great degree inevitable, though a different course, on the side of the victorious party, might have rendered it of less wide diffusion, and of less deep and lasting malignancy.'

We may characterize this passage as liberal in the abstract, and prejudiced in the concrete. There is a great air of impartiality in thus holding the balance, and apparently condemning both sides; but it is little more than semblance. The weights and scales are adjusted by a party standard, and the whole transaction is conducted in the spirit of a partizan. In the first place, nothing can be more uncandid than to represent the ejection of the Nonconformists of 1662, as a 'secession.' We are not disposed, on so flimsy a challenge as this, to go over beaten ground, for the purpose of proving, what ought, by this time, to be set down as among the axioms of historical statement, the knavish motives and tyrannical character of that every way indefensible procedure. The antagonist who can permit himself to speak of the previous expurgation of the church—a measure which, at present, we neither praise nor blame—as a parallel case with the exclusion of its brightest ornaments on our English *Saint Barthelemi*, is not to be reasoned with. The observations which are connected with the very intelligible reference to the *virtually* violated pledge of Breda, are judicious enough. On one part of the paragraph, however, we must be allowed to express, briefly, but very decidedly, a difference of opinion. It has become exceedingly the fashion among the clergy of the Establishment, to take it for granted on very slender grounds, that the Liturgy is much in favour among Dissenters; and Mr. Heber, with more dexterity than ingenuousness, mixes up this assumption with the other ingredients of his reasoning. 'We have found, in fact,' he remarks, 'by experience, that the liturgy has, through its intrinsic

* merits, obtained by degrees, no small degree of reverence
* even among those who, on either grounds, or *on no grounds*
* *at all*, dissent from the Church of England as at present con-
* stituted.' What does Mr. Heber mean by the 'liturgy?'
If it is designed to convey the impression, that consistent Dis-
senter's approve either of the use of formularies or of that par-
ticular mode of worship which is comprised in the Book of
Common Prayer, the statement is, 'in fact,' untrue. Still less
is he justified in his inference from the liberal language of his
opponents, that the 'intrinsic merits' of his thaumaturgic
liturgy have forced them to a reluctant 'reverence' for its
paramount excellence. Their praise is strictly limited to its
devotional parts; and even respecting these, we would suggest
that it may have been too unqualified. If it be intended (as
we cannot help suspecting has been frequently the case) to
claim these concessions as applicable to the whole Book of
Common Prayer, we have only to say, that our gainsayers
must know, that they are availing themselves of an unauthorized
extension of frank and unguarded language. They are fully
apprized both of our disapprobation of formularies of devotion
in general, and of our dislike to many of the expressions, doc-
trines, and enjoined ceremonies, contained in their manual;
and it can answer no end but that of a temporary delusion, to
magnify a partial admiration into a concession of principle.

But we must now quit Mr. Heber for Jeremy Taylor, and from
the memoir, we can cite nothing more than the following letter,
which exhibits Taylor's tenderness and piety in a very favour-
able light. In correspondence with his friend Evelyn, he had,
under date of July 19, 1656, alluded, in very beautiful and
touching language, to the recent loss of a son:—'Deare Sir, I
' am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little
' child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad: but now
' he rejoyces in his little orbe, while we thinke and sigh, and
' long to be as safe as he is.' In February of the following
year, he had to mourn a further loss.

'Deare Sir,

'I know you will either excuse or acquit, or at least pardon
mee that I have so long seemingly neglected to make a returne to
your so kind and friendly letter; when I shall tell you that I have
passed through a great cloud which hath wetted me deeper than the
skin. It hath pleased God to send the small poxe and fevers among
my children; and I have since I received your last, buried two sweet,
hopeful boyes; and have now but one sonne left, whom I intend, if it
please God, to bring up to London before Easter, and then I hope
to waite upon you, and by your sweet conversation and other diver-
tisements, if not to alleviate my sorrow, yet, at least, to entertain

myself and keep me from too intense and actual thinking of my trouble. Deare Sir, will you doe so much for mee as to beg my pardon of Mr. Thurland, that I have yet made no returne to him for his so friendly letter and expressions. Sir, you see there is too much matter to make excuse; my sorrow will, at least, render me an object of every good man's pity and commiseration. But, for myself, I bless God, I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported, I am sure highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies are when his judgments are so gracious. Sir, there are many particulars in your letter which I would faine have answered; but still my little sadnesses intervene, and will yet suffer me to write nothing else, but that I beg your prayers, and that you will still own me to be,

Deare and Honoured Sir,

Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant,
Jer. Taylor.'

In the following year, he was called upon to administer consolation to his friend Evelyn under a similar bereavement. The letter will be found in one of our former volumes.*

Of Jeremy Taylor as a writer—taking the estimate with reference to the great mass of his compositions—it is far more easy to speak in general terms, than it is to bring within reasonable limits a satisfactory induction from particulars. When we have described him as eloquent and imaginative, boundless in general knowledge, and, as a reasoner, though far from clear, yet powerful and comprehensive, we shall have done very little towards making out an intellectual resemblance of this illustrious man. The best way will probably be, availing ourselves to a certain extent of Mr. Heber's previous investigations, and adopting his plan, to take a rapid view of the leading works comprised in the volumes before us; though we shall so far yield to our old partialities as to make our references to the dingy folios, which we cannot yet persuade ourselves wholly to discard. The arrangement adopted by Mr. H. is not, indeed, free from objection; nor do the particulars uniformly and exclusively belong to their respective heads. For instance, the "Life of Christ" and the "Holy Living" and "Dying" are placed among the Practical Works; whereas they contain much that is entirely and intentionally Devotional; while the "Divine Institution of the Office Ministerial," though ranged under the latter head, belongs, as far as we can judge, partly to the "Theological," and partly to the "Practical" department. We should, in fact, have been

* Vol. XIV. N.S. page 585.

inclined to simplify Mr. Heber's scheme, and, instead of the Practical and Devotional divisions, to have comprised them more generally under Theology and Casuistry, with a separate title for Pulpit exercises, which, as being of a mixed character, might well be taken as a distinct class. It is not, however, worth while to deviate, for our present purpose, from an arrangement, of which, whether accurate or otherwise, Mr. H. has made use in a very interesting way.

In the Practical division of Taylor's works, Mr. Heber places the "Life of Christ," the "Contemplations on the State of Man," the "Holy Living and Dying," the "Sermons" and the posthumous treatise on "Christian Consolation." Of these, the second has been reviewed by us in an article already referred to, and the third is too popular to require from us any thing in the way of analysis or criticism. "The Great Exemplar, or Life of Christ," has been made the subject of one of those desperate falsehoods which popish writers seem to consider as eminently praiseworthy when employed to the advantage of their own Church. The Rev. Jno. Sergeant, a divine of whom we know nothing but the awkward circumstance before us, has affirmed, that this work is a mere translation of a similar book, compiled by Ludolphus of Saxony, a Carthusian monk. In nine cases out of ten, a bold assertion of this kind answers its purpose. Few of those to whom it is addressed, will have any inclination to examine into its accuracy, and still fewer would have the means of such examination. Happily, Mr. Heber belonged neither to the tribe of indolents nor to that of incapables; and he has ascertained the total dissimilarity of the works in question. In fact, the imputation was both absurd and malignant. The "Great Exemplar" bears throughout, the impress and coinage of its unquestionable Author: it has all the brilliancy of his imagination, and the redundant richness of his style; and no one of ability to discriminate could hesitate for a moment in ascribing it to its proper source. The first title of this volume is more indicative of its character than the second, since the "Life of Christ" is a mixed and popular narrative of the leading events and traditions connected with our Saviour's earthly course; while the 'considerations' and 'discourses' are designed to illustrate and enforce them as holding forth the 'great exemplar of sanctity and holy life.' Like all the productions of Taylor, its merits are of a very marked but mingled character. Its pages are crowded to satiety with sparkling thoughts and 'thick-coming fancies;' but its theology is generally superficial, and occasionally hazardous; and it is disfigured by that propensity to glittering phrase and forced conceit which

is almost as characteristic of its Author as are his brighter and unrivalled excellencies. He tells his readers of 'an itch, which must be scratched and satisfied.' In his description of the journey taken by the Virgin Mary, 'to visit her cousin Elizabeth,' he speculates as follows :

'When the holy Virgin had begun her journey, she made hast over the mountains, that she might not onely satisfie the desires of her joy by a speedy gratulation, but lest she should be too long abroad under the dispersion and discomposing of her retirements: And therefore she hastens to an inclosure, to her Cousin's house, as knowing that all vertuous women, like *Tortoises*, carry their house on their heads, and their chappel in their heart, and their danger in their eye, and their souls in their hands, and God in all their actions. And indeed, her very little burden, whiche she bare, hindred her not but she might make hast enough; and as her spirit was full of cheerfulness and alacrity, so even her body was made aery and vegete: for there was no sin in her burden to fill it with naturall inconveniences; and there is this excellency in all spiritual things, that they do no disadvantage to our persons, nor retard our just temporall interests. And the religion by which we carry Christ within us, is neither so peevish, as to disturb our health; nor so sad, as to discompose our just and modest cheerfulness; nor so prodigall, as to force us to needs and ignoble trades; but recreates our body by the medecine of holy fastings and temperance; fills us full of serenities and complacencies by the sweetnesses of a holy conscience and joyes spirituall; promotes our temporall interests by the gains and increases of the rewards of charity, and by securing God's providence over us, while we are in the pursuit of the heavenly kingdome. And as in these dispositions she climbed the mountains with much facility, so there is nothing in our whole life, of difficulty so great but it may be managed by those assistances we receive from the holiest Jesus, when we carry him about us; as the valleys are exalted, so the mountains are made plain before us.'

He illustrates the universal peace which prevailed at the time of the Saviour's birth, by telling his readers, that the great body of the Roman empire had 'no limb out of joint, not so much as an *aking tooth*, or a rebelling humour in that huge collection of parts.' The following is a curious sample of the way in which he too frequently suffers his learning, his fancy, and his boundless command of language, to run riot together. After a string of whimsical comments on the name Jesus,—informing us that 'the Tetragrammaton is made fit for pronounciation,' since the highest name of deity 'could not be pronounced truly till it came to be finished with a guttural that made up the name given by the Angel to the holy childe,' and affirming that the Divine Being could not be 'received or entertained by men, till he was made humane and sensible by

' the adoption of a sensitive nature, *like vowels pronounciable by the intertexture of a consonant,*' his eloquence flows on in a full tide of mingled quaintness, pedantry, and beauty.

' But now God's mercy was at full sea, now was the time when God made no reserves to the effusion of his mercy. For to the Patriarchs and persons of eminent Sanctity and imployment in the Elder ages of the World, God according to the degrees of his manifestation or present purpose would give them one letter of this ineffable name. For the reward that Abraham had in the change of his name, was that he had the honour done him to have one of the letters of Jehovah put into it; And so had Joshua when he was a type of Christ, the Prince of the Israelitish armies; And when God took away one of these letters, it was a curse. But now he communicated all the whole name to this holy Childe, and put a letter more to it, to signifie that he was the glory of God, the expresse image of his Father's person, God Eternall; and then manifested to the World in his humanity, that all the intelligent world who expected Beatitude and had treasured all their hopes in the ineffable name of God, might finde them all with ample returns in this name of Jesus, which God hath exalted above every name, even above that by which God in the old Testament did represent the greatest awfulness of his Majesty. This miraculous name is above all the powers of Magicall enchantments, the nightly rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent and mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldees, and the spels of Zoroastres; This is the name at which the Devills did tremble, and pay their inforced and involuntary adorations, by confessing the Divinity, and quitting their possessions and usurped habitations. If our prayers be made in this name God opens the windows of heaven and rains down benediction: at the mention of this name the blessed Apostles, and Hermione the daughter of S. Philip, and Philotheus the son of Theophila, and S. Hilarion and S. Paul the Hermite, and innumerable lights who followed hard after the Sun of righteousness, wrought great and prodigious miracles: Signes and wonders and healings were done by the name of the holy child Jesus. This is the name which we should engrave in our hearts, and write upon our foreheads, and pronounce with our most harmonious accents, and rest our faith upon, and place our hopes in, and love with the overflowings of charity, and joy, and adoration. And as the revelation of this name satisfied the hopes of all the world, so it must determine our worshippings, and the addresses of our exterior and interior religion: it being that name whereby God and God's mercies are made presentia to us and proportionate objects of our religion and affections.'

The work entitled "Christian Consolations" is quite new to us; we were not aware that such a work had ever been published under the name of Taylor; nor should we, from internal evidence, have been disposed to refer it to him as its author. It has not, to our ear, his rhythm and cadence; the language

seems of a different structure ; nor does the solitary passage cited by the present Editor, appear decisive of the question. At the same time, we are not disposed to be tenacious of the negative hypothesis. The tract was written for a specific and private purpose, and one that was not likely to stimulate the writer to extraordinary exertion. It contains much that is useful, and a few extracts might be given, not destitute of the more attractive ornaments of style and fancy.

Mr. Heber's criticism on the Sermons of Jeremy Taylor, is not quite so minute as we should have anticipated ; and we are not inclined to admit, as a sufficient excuse, that ' no sermons ' of that age, perhaps of any other age, are more frequently on ' the tables and in the hands of general readers.' We doubt this exceedingly. We could name collections of sermons that can boast fifty readers for one who has taste and vigour of mind enough fairly to estimate the author of the *Enchiridion*. There are hundreds of affected gentlemen who will talk by the hour of the old school of English authorship, who would be exceedingly puzzled by a very slight cross-examination on the specific subject of their eloquence. Such works as those of Jeremy Taylor will never be popular in the common acceptance of the term ; but, by those whose minds are disciplined to the comprehension of their lofty character and their boundless range, they will be held in the highest value. Few kinds of reading have a more decided tendency than this to strengthen the mental faculties ; it is among the most efficient of intellectual tonics ; and as a counteractive to the morbid action of an imagination overstimulated by unwholesome diet, we can conceive of nothing more salutary, than the brilliant combination of learning, fancy, picturesque imagery, and richness of expression, which exists in the sermons and theological treatises of this eminent man. His very faults of composition are the results of exuberant genius ; they are allied to beauty, and leave us sometimes at a loss whether to condemn them as violations of correct principles, or to admit them as glowing fancies. In fact, if we were required to point out that particular section of his works which should exhibit the most characteristic sample of his powerful and brilliant mind, we should unhesitatingly refer to his sermons. Mr. Heber avails himself of the opportunity afforded him at this point of his critical analysis, to introduce a series of lively and amusing observations on the styles of preaching that prevailed at and before the time of Taylor, and he gives some rather curious specimens of eccentric sermonizing.

' When Jerome allegorizes, in his epistle to Fabiola, the different ornaments of the Jewish high-priest into the different virtues and

graces of a Christian ; when Athanasius finds out the penitent thief on his cross in the second verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk ; when Gregory the Great makes Jericho at once a symbol of the moon and of our mortal nature ; and above all, when Bernard derives the word *diabolus* from " two pockets," it is difficult to believe that they can have intended these fancies as argumentative, or to prove to their hearers any thing but the talents and acuteness of their teachers. Such, however, were the favourite ornaments of Christian orators for a long lapse of ages ; and this taste, which of course, by degrees, degenerated into mere quibbling, was not yet extinct, as we learn from Echard's " Contempt of the Clergy," in England, during the life of Taylor, and prevailed, if we may believe the author of " Fray Gerundio," in Spain at a much later period.

We differ again from Mr. Heber, in part at least, when he affirms of the sermons, that ' few compositions can be named, ' where so much luxuriance of imagination, and so much ' mellowness of style, are made the vehicles of *divinity* so ' *sound*, and holiness so practical.' It would extend too far an article in which our main difficulty is to confine ourselves within reasonable limits, were we to enter on the distinct examination of the position, the gist of which we have marked in italics ; we refer to it here simply for the purpose of connecting with it the observation, that while Taylor's moral exhortations and dissuasives are urged with all the terrific force and all the attractive beauty which so peculiarly distinguish his best writings, he does not, according to our views of sound divinity, attach to them those clear views of evangelical doctrine which alone can give them their due motives and their most powerful sanction. The sermon on the Return of Prayers might furnish us with illustrations of this ; but we shall rather refer to it for an example of the singular way in which, quitting the just limits of oratory for the very region of poetry, the Bishop of Down was accustomed not unfrequently to mix the wild, excursive, and unruly effusions of his ever-ready fancy with the most energetic remonstrances of the Christian moralist.

' Uncleanliness is a direct enemy to the praying man, and an obstruction to his prayers, for this is not only a profanation, but a direct sacrilege ; it defiles a temple to the ground ; it takes from a man all affection to spiritual things, and mingles his very soul with the things of the world, it makes his understanding low, and his reasonings cheap and foolish, and it destroys his confidence and all his manly hopes ; it makes his spirit light, effeminate, and fantastic ; and dissolves his attention, and makes his mind so to disaffect all the objects of his desires, that when he prays he is as uneasy as an impaled person, or a condemned criminal upon the hook or wheel. . . . God cannot love the man ; for God is the prince of purities, and the Son

of God is the king of virgins, and the Holy Spirit is all love, and that is all purity and all spirituality. And therefore the prayer of an unclean person is like the sacrifices to Moloch, or the rites of Flora, *ubi Cato spectator esse non potuit*, a good man will not endure them, much less will God entertain such reekings of the Dead Sea and clouds of Sodom. For so an impure vapour begotten of the slime of the earth, by the fevers and adulterous heats of an intemperate summer sun, striving by the ladder of a mountain to climb up to heaven, and rolling into various figures by an uneasy unfixed revolution, and stopped at the middle région of the air, being thrown from his pride and attempt of passing towards the seat of the stars, turns into an unwholesome flame, and like the breath of hell is confined into a prison of darkness and a cloud, till it breaks into diseases, plagues, and mildews, stink and blastings: so is the prayer of an unchaste person, it strives to climb the battlements of heaven, but because it is a flame of sulphur, salt, and bitumen, and was kindled in the dishonourable regions below, derived from hell, and contrary to God, it cannot pass forth to the element of love, but ends in barrenness and murmur, fantastic expectations, and trifling imaginative confidences, and they at last end in sorrows and despair. Every state of sin is against the possibility of a man being accepted, but these have a proper venom against the graciousness of the person and the power of the prayer. God can never accept an unholy prayer, and a wicked man can never send forth any other: the waters pass through impure aqueducts and channels of brimstone, and therefore may end in *brimstone and fire*, but never in forgiveness and the blessings of an eternal charity.

We believe that we were the first to point out, in a Number of the former series of this Journal, a remarkable passage in South's Sermons, marked with the bitter sarcasm peculiar to that highly gifted but irritable and spiteful man, and plainly levelled at the affectations and fantastic illustrations which present themselves rather too frequently in the compositions of Taylor. It is as follows. '*I speak the words of soberness*, said St. Paul, Acts xxvi. 25. And I preach the Gospel not with the *enticing words of man's wisdom*, 1 Cor. ii. 4. This was the way of the Apostles' discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of the *fringes of the North-Star*; nothing of *nature's becoming unnatural*; nothing of the *down of angels' wings*, or the *beautiful looks of Cherubims*; no starched similitudes, introduced with a *Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion*, and the like. No, these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the Apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, that *he who believed should be saved, and that he who believed not should be damned*. And this was the dialect which pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, *Men and Brethren, what shall we do?* It tickled not the ear, but

‘ sunk into the heart ; and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his taking voice or gesture ; for the fineness of such a simile, or the quaintness of such a sentence ; but they spoke like men conquered with the overpowering force and evidence of the most convincing truths ; much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus ; *Did not our hearts burn within us, while he opened to us the Scriptures ?*’

If this criticism be not very courteous, its justice will not be denied ; and it will serve to place in full view the different characters of the two writers. South had a mind of far more compactness ; he was, beyond comparison, the sounder and deeper theologian ; and his fancy, if less exuberant, was, in its happiest efforts, of a more equable and finished kind. He was coarse, indeed, much more so than his great rival ; but this offensive quality seems to have had a moral cause, and to have originated in the ferocity and malignity of his temper : his natural taste, if we may judge from such of his sermons as were preached in avoidance of irritating topics, was remarkably pure, and his ear for the true rhythm of rhetorical composition, exquisite. Taylor's occasional coarseness is of a very different description ; it is evidently the accidental error of a mind full of images and ideas, and incapable, from the very oppression of its wealth, of exercising a due discernment and discretion. He seldom flatters, excepting in his dedications, and then in a very gentlemanly way ; whereas South was the most disgusting and unblushing sycophant that ever made a bold stroke for a mitre. We do not recollect that Taylor has betrayed, under any circumstances, a propensity to the sarcastic and abusive, the constant stumbling-block of South ; and the little asperity into which his kindly spirit was stirred on one or two occasions, is to be attributed to accidental causes, rather than to the nature of the man. But we must hasten to give one more exemplification of this section of our analysis, and then pass on to the next. There are few passages, even in the noble compositions before us, of a higher order of eloquence, both in conception and expression, than the exordium of the sermon on ‘ the invalidity of a late or death-bed repentance. The text is from Jeremiah xiii. 16.

‘ God is the eternal fountain of honour, and the spring of glory ; in him it dwells essentially, from him it derives originally, and when an action is glorious, or a man is honourable, it is because the action is pleasing to God, in the relation of obedience or imitation, and because the man is honoured by God, or by God's Vicegerent ; and therefore God cannot be dishonoured, because all honour comes from himself ; he cannot but be glorified, because to be himself is to be

infinitely glorious. And yet he is pleased to say, that our sins dishonour him, and our obedience does glorifie him. But as the Sun, the great eye of the world, prying into the recesses of rocks, and the hollownesse of valleys, receives species, or visible forms from these objects, but he beholds them onely by that light which proceeds from himself: So does God who is the light of that eye; he receives reflexes and returns from us, and these he calls *glorifications* of himself, but they are such which are made so by his own gracious acceptation. For God cannot be glorified by any thing but by himself, and by his own instruments, which he makes as mirrours to reflect his own excellency, that by seeing the glory of such emanations, he may rejoyce in his own works, because they are images of his infinity. Thus when he made the beauteous frame of heaven and earth, he rejoyced in it, and glorified himself, because it was the glasse in which he beheld his wisdom, and Almighty power: And when God destroyed the old world, in that also he glorified himself; for in those waters he saw the image of his justice; they were the looking-glasse for that attribute; and God is said to laugh at, and rejoyce in the destruction of a sinner, because he is pleased with the Economy of his own lawes, and the excellent proportions he hath made of his judgements, consequent to our sins. But above all, God rejoyced in his Holy Son, for he was the image of the Divinity, the character and expresse image of his person, in him he beheld his own Essence, his wisdom, his power, his justice, and his person, and he was that excellent instrument designed from eternall ages to represent as in a double mirrour, not only the glories of God to himself, but also to all the world; and he glorified God by the instrument of obedience, in which God beheld his own dominion, and the sanctity of his lawes clearly represented; and he saw his justice glorified, when it was fully satisfied by the passion of his Son; and so he hath transmitted to us a great manner of the Divine glorification, being become to us the Authour, and the Example of giving glory to God after the manner of men, that is, by well-doing, and patient suffering, by obeying his lawes, and submitting to his power, by imitating his holinesse, and confessing his goodnesse, by remaining innocent, or becoming penitent: for this also is called in the text GIVING GLORY TO THE LORD OUR GOD.

On the second of the four classes into which the writings of Taylor are here divided, our remarks must be very brief, since there is no alternative between a slight notice, and a much more extensive examination than we should find convenient. This division includes the greater part of the treatises collected into one volume under the title of *Polemical and Moral Discourses*, together with the "Dissuasive from Popery," "The Doctrine of Repentance," and some other minor tracts. We have already ventured to give it as our opinion, that Taylor is by no means entitled to the reputation of a consummate divine. He appears to us, though he sometimes reasons

strongly, and almost always eloquently, to be on the whole more of a declaimer than a reasoner. There is more of dexterity than of vigour or consistency, in his logic; his argumentation is too often loose, and so mixed up with authorities and illustrations, as to perplex rather than to enlighten. Even his "Liberty of Prophesying," a noble work with all its deficiencies, argues rather on cases than from principles; or at least, in the selection of the latter, does not adopt such as are of a lofty and uncompromising cast. There is, in the first volume of the present collection, a very curious exemplification of Taylor's embarrassment, when pressed into controversy with a shrewd antagonist, which it had never happened to us to meet with previously. His crude and hazardous speculations on the subject of original sin, had placed him, even with some of his own party, under the imputation of injurious error; and an awkward passage in his "Further Explication," brought him into contact with Henry Jeanes, the Presbyterian minister of Chedzoy in Somersetshire: the result was, a correspondence, which was afterwards published by the latter. We cannot profess to have given to this whimsical altercation the close attention necessary for entirely comprehending it; but we have read it with sufficient precision to derive much amusement from the dexterous technicality of Jeanes, and the blustering embarrassment of Taylor. The Episcopalian is in a very ill humour, and quite out of his element; the Presbyterian in all his glory, cool, sarcastic, up to the chin in syllogisms, and quite stunning his antagonist with authoritative aphorisms and ontological distinctions. Jeremy Taylor got out of his scrape as he could, and Henry Jeanes had all the honour of the annihilating last word.

The third, or casuistical division of the Bishop's labours, has for its principal and, strictly speaking, only individual, the "*Ductor Dubitantium*;" styled by Mr. Heber, Taylor's *opus magnum*, and meriting that distinction by the learning and talent displayed in its laborious investigations. This appears to have been its Author's favourite production: it occupied his thoughts beneath the hospitable shades of Golden Grove; it was the subject of his meditations during his various and troubled sojournings for a considerable period; and it was completed amid the retired and romantic scenery—*amœnissimo recessu*—of Lough Neagh. His immediate patron, Lord Conway, was owner of the magnificent mansion of Portmore, on the banks of that extensive lake; and one of the islands which enrich its surface, was Taylor's usual resort for the purposes of study and devotion. The ruins of an ancient monastery stood on this islet, and one of those lofty towers, of which the

origin and the object are equally uncertain, carried back the mind to times still more remote. The period at which this great work was completed, is fixed by the express date subscribed to the preface: '*From my Study in Portmore, in Kiltulagh, Oct. 5, 1659.*'

The practice of auricular confession among the Romanists, inevitably led to innumerable abuses, and, among them, to the introduction of minute and unprofitable casuistry, in the place of a decided appeal to moral and scriptural principle. It tended to substitute scrupulous hesitancy for conscientious feeling; it raised a question on every contingency of life; and intruded its frivolous inquisition into remote and improbable possibilities. Consequences the most injurious followed upon this wretched system. The confessor was a mere tool in the hands of a master-power; a portion only, though an essential one, of an extensive machinery, artfully and aptly framed for the enthrallment of mankind. A sound and strict morality must be at complete variance with the interests of Rome, since its tendency is to invigorate and enlighten the mind, to make it conscious of its real strength, of its entire independence on human canons, and its responsibility to God alone. A scheme which should admit of severe restriction or convenient relaxation at the will of the spiritual director, was better suited to the nefarious policy of the Vatican; and, among its various and well-trained dependents, it found a sufficient number quite willing to engage in the odious task, and perfectly qualified to execute it with thorough-going fidelity to unprincipled commands. The Jesuits were foremost in the work. Escobar, Suarez, and Emmanuel Sa, with others of equal notoriety, have been, for their offences in this way, immortalised to infamy by the wit and eloquence of Pascal. The invention of those subtle casuists seems to have been strained to the utmost, to find palliatives for sin. Their distinction between mortal and venial transgressions, 'hath 'intricated and confounded almost all the certainty and answers 'of moral theology;' and their doctrine of *Probability* would, if generally adopted, make fatal havoc both in morals and religion. In this state of things, and while such works as these were influential, it was highly expedient, that 'a rule of 'conscience' of a more salutary kind should be established in counteraction of this mischievous policy, and that the true springs of moral action should be exhibited to mankind. Much, we believe, has accordingly been effected in this way by Protestant divines; but, as we cannot pretend to be deeply read in this uninviting sort of lore, we shall confine ourselves to the work before us. Taylor's mind was admirably furnished

for his task, as far as knowledge and the power of extending and exercising itself over a wide field, could supply ability; but his habits of thinking were so much of the imaginative and excursive cast, as to unfit him in a great degree for the severe analysis and minute dissection called for by this particular track of investigation.

Taylor was an eloquent reasoner, but he was not an accurate definer; his style of argumentation was oratorical, not scholastic; his genius led him not to macerate and denude the bones and cartilages of his subject, but rather to clothe the skeleton with substance, and colour, and exterior beauty. And it is surprising how much of this has been done in the present instance. He has adorned sterility itself with flowers; and out of a series of discussions primarily unattractive and even repulsive, he has made up a course of extremely pleasant reading. Facts, fables, quaint sayings, and brilliant thoughts, are compounded into a most agreeable olio; and if his decisions are subject to appeal, they are at least conveyed in an interesting form. His passing illustrations have all the peculiar and playful fancy of his more disengaged compositions;—as when he gives as an example of a ‘negative doubt,’ that ‘it is impossible to know what little pretty phantasm made us to smile when we hanged upon our mother’s breasts;’ and tells us of an uncertain obligation, that it is ‘like the colours of a dove’s neck, differing by several aspects and postures.’ ‘Sin,’ he emphatically remarks, ‘makes us ashamed before men and afraid of God; an evil conscience makes a man a coward, timorous as a child in a church-porch at midnight.’ The different effects of conscience are made the subject of a striking comparison:—‘In those sins where the conscience affrights, and in those in which she affrights not, there is no other difference but that conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning, and in another, the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not; but by this he may as surely see what the other hears, viz. that his hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.’ He says of a confident conscience under the mask of humility, that ‘it looks in at the door with a trembling eye, but being thrust in, it becomes bold. It is like a firestick, which in the hand of a child being gently moved, gives a volatile and unfixed light, but being more strongly turned about by a swift circular motion, it becomes a constant wheel of fire.’ Under the head of erroneous conscience, it is said, that ‘such is, or may be, the infelicity of an abused conscience, that if it goes forward, it enters into folly; if it resists, it enters

‘ into madness ; if it flies, it dashes its head against a wall, or
 ‘ falls from a rock ; if it flies not, it is torn in pieces by a bear.’
 ‘ Probable arguments’ are likened to

‘ little stars, every one of which will be useless as to our conduct and enlightening ; but when they are tied together by order and vicinity, by the finger of God and the hand of an angel, they make a constellation, and are not only powerful in their influence, but like a bright angel to guide and to enlighten our way. And although the light is not great as the light of the sun or moon, yet mariners sail by their conduct ; and though with trepidation and some danger, yet very regularly they enter into the haven. This heap of probable inducements, is not of power as a mathematical and physical demonstration, which is in discourse as the sun is in heaven, but it makes a milky and a white path, visible enough to walk securely.’

..... ‘ A scruple is a little stone in the foot ; if you set it upon the ground, it hurts you ; if you hold it up, you cannot go forward ; it is a trouble when the trouble is over, a doubt when doubts are resolved : it is a little party behind a hedge when the main army is broken, and the field cleared ; and when the conscience is instructed in its way, and girt for action, a light trifling reason, or an absurd fear hinders it from beginning the journey, or proceeding in the way, or resting at the journey’s end. Very often it has no reason at all for its inducement, but proceeds from indisposition of body, pusillanimity, melancholy, a troubled head, sleepless nights, the society of the timorous, from solitariness, ignorance, or unseasoned imprudent notices of things, indigested learning, strong fancy and weak judgment ; from any thing that may abuse the reason into irresolution and restlessness. It is indeed a direct walking in the dark, where we see nothing to affright us, but we fancy many things, and the phantasms produced in the lower regions of fancy, and nursed by folly, and borne upon the arms of fear, do trouble us. But if reason be its parent, then it is born in the twilight, and the mother is so little that the daughter is a fly with a short head and a long sting, enough to trouble a wise man, but not enough to satisfy the appetite of a little bird. The reason of a scruple is ever as obscure as the light of a glow-worm, not fit to govern any action ; and yet is suffered to stand in the midst of all its enemies, and, like the flies of Egypt, vex and trouble the whole army.’

There are few finer things in the whole circle of literature, than the “ Instance of Moral Demonstration, or a Conjugation of Probabilities, proving that the Religion of Jesus Christ is “ from God ;” inserted in the *Ductor Dubitantium* as an exemplification of the strong bearing of probable argumentation on the certainty of Christianity. In a composition of this kind, Taylor was on his own peculiar ground. His inexhaustible fertility, his well-stored memory, and his command of language, had here an ample field ; and their combined result is exhibited in one of the noblest pieces of eloquent reasoning that ever had origin in the human intellect. He has collected and

compressed together a mass of facts and circumstances that can make a vain appeal only to a sterile brain and a callous heart.

‘ This *παρρησιον*,’ he says of this admirable digression, ‘ I have here brought as an instance of moral demonstration, not only to do honour to my dearest Lord, by speaking true and great things of his name, and endeavouring to advance and establish his kingdom, but to represent in order to the first intention, that a heap of probabilities may in some cases make a sure conscience.’

The tendency to indecency in some of the Bishop's illustrations, has been very properly pointed out by his Biographer, as well as the hazardous character of some of his positions. The general criticism in which the analysis is summed up, is so good, and the similitude with which it closes, so appropriate, and so much in Taylor's own way, that we shall insert it in lieu of any further remarks of our own.

‘ On the whole, the “ Ductor Dubitantium” is the work of a mind acute, vigorous, and imbued with an extent and variety of information, which would have overburdened a meaner intellect, and by which Taylor himself is, perhaps, sometimes encumbered, rather than adorned. A mind it is, essentially poetical, rather than critical, ardent in conception more than lucid in arrangement. Yet his conceptions in themselves are almost always clear, though he overlays them not unfrequently with a profusion of words and metaphors, and though he is apt to derive his first principles from springs of action in themselves circumstantial and secondary. But, though it offers, in some respects, a less profound and original view of human motives than is to be met with in later writers; though its length renders it less readable, and the Author's anxiety to say every thing on both sides of every question may leave a careless reader sometimes in suspense as to his final determination; it is still a work which few can read without profit, and none, I think, without entertainment. It resembles, in some degree, those ancient inlaid cabinets, (such as Evelyn, Boyle, or Wilkins might have bequeathed to their descendants,) whose multifarious contents perplex our choice, and offer to the admiration or curiosity of a more accurate age, a vast wilderness of trifles and varieties, with no arrangement at all, or an arrangement on obsolete principles; but whose ebony drawers and perfumed recesses contain specimens of every thing that is precious or uncommon, and many things for which a modern museum might be searched in vain.’

We must dismiss the Devotional class with the remark, that it does not comprise the works on which Taylor's fame principally rests. They are such as might have been expected from the piety of their Author, but not such as are likely to become extensively popular in the present day.

Such is a rapid view of the labours of one of the most con-

spicuous ornaments of our country ; a man of whose talents it is scarcely possible to speak too highly, though he has not been equally successful in all the modes of their application. Of the way in which the Editor has executed his task, we have already spoken. But we cannot suffer the present occasion to pass without availing ourselves of it, to express our gratification at the enlightened policy which has sent forth such a man, as the representative of the national religion in our Eastern dominions. To Reginald Heber, such a mode of exaltation to the episcopal bench was little desirable, and he must have felt that he was making considerable sacrifices in becoming a party to the arrangement. But he has placed himself in a situation where his abilities, his acquisitions, and his liberal sentiments, will enable him to effect a greater and a more permanent benefit than he could have hoped to accomplish here. We rejoice that a trust of so much responsibility is committed to his competent hands.

Art. III. *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822.* By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, Author of a Voyage to Loo Choo. 2 vols. post 8vo. Price 11. 1s. Edinburgh. 1824.

SOUTH AMERICA is daily becoming more and more an object of interest and speculation to Europe, and to England in particular. Sources of wealth have been opened in every part of that vast country ; Commerce is rapidly spreading its blessings over it ; its political disorders are gradually disappearing ; and its independence is virtually, if not actually, acknowledged by the land where freedom will always find friends. Public attention has of late been called, in various ways, to that most interesting portion of the globe ;—interesting from the nature of its soil, its productions, its varied climate, its majestic mountains, and its mighty rivers, that water a thousand lands,—but still more interesting on account of the recent struggles of its people with their bigotted and despotic masters of the Old World. For ages, the greater part of this vast Continent continued under the dominion of the rapacious and tyrannical representatives of the successive Kings of Spain, who looked upon their distant dependencies only as so many sources of that mineral wealth which, in process of time, formed their bane, and which, while it materially changed the features of civilized society in Europe, has contributed in no slight degree to enervate the descendants of their ancient conquerors, and to leave them what they now are—a people but little superior, physically or mentally, to those who were not

long ago their bondsmen. It is utterly astonishing, that Spain has been enabled to preserve colonies of such extent and population for so long a period, when, to say nothing of her conduct to those who were the ancient masters of the land, her system of policy towards those who looked to her for aid and protection, has been one of continued oppression.

But at length they are free, and although Lord Eldon is understood still to have doubts as to the fact, the formal recognition of their independence cannot be much longer delayed. Happily, the fact that they have achieved their freedom, recognised or not, has become matter of history; and it is our own commercial interests, rather than their political situation, that renders the solution of his Majesty the Chancellor's doubts chiefly desirable.

It was during the latter period of the war for independence, that Captain Hall visited South America. The object of the voyage was, to protect the British interests in the Pacific; the recent occurrences on the Coast of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, having rendered this precaution politic, and, indeed, necessary. Captain Hall sailed from England, in his Majesty's ship Conway, on the 10th of August, 1820, and, after having touched at Teneriffe, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plate, received orders to proceed to Valparaiso, the principal sea-port on the coast of Chili. The narrative of the voyage commences at the doubling of Cape Horn, which is described as 'a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above all the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea, in bleak and solitary grandeur;' while it presents, 'under every aspect, a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent.' The Bay of Valparaiso is of a semicircular form, surrounded by steep hills, rising to the height of nearly 2000 feet, sparingly covered with stunted shrubs and thinly strewn grass. The town is built along a narrow strip of land, between the cliffs and the sea; but, as this space is limited in extent, the buildings have straggled up the sides and bottoms of the numerous ravines which intersect the hills. Such is the 'Vale of Paradise,' as the early Spanish adventurers termed it. It was during the gay season of Christmas, that the ship arrived at Valparaiso, when multitudes had been attracted from all parts of the country, to witness the bull-fights and other shows, and to mingle in the festivities of the period.

'Groupes of merry dancers were to be seen at every turn,—and crowds of people listening to singers bawling out their old romances to the sound of a guitar; gay parties sauntering along, laughing, and

talking at the full stretch of their voices; wild-looking horsemen pranced about in all quarters, mixing amongst the people on foot, drinking and talking with them, but never dismounting. From one extremity of the town to the other, along the base of the cliffs, and all round the beach of the Almendral, was one uninterrupted scene of noise and revelry.'

The habits, occupations, and amusements of the Chilians, and particularly of the inhabitants of Valparaiso and Santiago, are described by Captain Hall with clearness and elegance. In those towns, as, indeed, in all he visited, Captain Hall made it his business to pry even into the most minute circumstances connected with the nature of their society, the manners of the people, and the state of public feeling. He was a frequent visiter to the Ramadas, a constant attendant at the bull-fights, a keen observer of the populace, and, in the houses of the higher orders, a welcome guest. We extract the following sensible remarks on the state of political feeling among the lower orders.

'Our curiosity was naturally directed towards politics, and, knowing that we should eventually have ample opportunities of learning the state of feeling in the upper classes, we occupied ourselves, upon this occasion, in ascertaining the sentiments of the peasantry. At first we felt disappointed with their calmness, and wondered to hear them speaking with so little enthusiasm, and in terms so little vindictive, of the Spaniards; while the upper classes, in the same town, were filled with animation when the subject was mentioned, and never allowed themselves to think of their ancient rulers without expressing the bitterest animosity.

'It must, however, be remembered that, with regard to the effects of the Revolution, the upper and lower classes were differently circumstanced. The peasant's station in society had not been materially changed by the subversion of the Spanish authority; while that of his landlord was essentially altered in almost every point. The lower orders here, as in all countries, are not those who feel the oppression of bad government most sensibly: and although, unquestionably, their prosperity must, in process of time, be greatly augmented by the operation of such wholesome changes, their immediate benefit cannot be so direct or manifest as that of the upper classes.

'In Chili, while the peasant remains where he was, his superior has gained many advantages. He has obtained political independence; he is free, and secure in his person and property; for the first time in his life, he has a share in the government of his country; he may aspire to the highest offices of profit or distinction; the value of his property is enhanced by the market which has been opened to carry off its produce; and he feels no reserve in displaying his wealth, or in expressing his opinions; in short, he is in possession of civil liberty.

‘ The benefits resulting from free trade, as compared with the restrictions and monopolies of old, are those which come home the soonest to the apprehension of all ranks ; and although it cannot be denied, that even the lowest peasant in the country has felt the change which the Revolution has produced on the price of goods, yet the advantage to the upper classes has been much more extensively felt ; for they are not only greater purchasers, but have more home produce to give in exchange. All classes, therefore, both high and low, share, though not equally, in the benefits resulting from the change of government ; and this universality of advantage is the characteristic circumstance which, with one exception, distinguishes the South American revolutions from all others with which we are acquainted. These are real and solid advantages. That they should be fully understood, or even appreciated at once, is too much to expect ; and many errors and extravagancies will be committed before such blessings can have their full exercise ; but as they are of a nature to work themselves clear, if left alone, every successive hour of freedom will have the effect of enlarging the circle of knowledge and virtue throughout the country.’ Vol. I. pp. 24—26.

‘ Of civil liberty, I am not sure that the Chilians have, as yet, equally clear and correct notions ; but nothing is more decided than their determination not to submit again to any foreign yoke : and I should conceive, from all I have been able to learn, that under any circumstances, the Spanish party in Chili would be found small and contemptible. Every day deepens these valuable sentiments, and will render the re-conquest of the country more and more remote from possibility. The present free trade, above all, maintains and augments these feelings ; for there is not a single arrival at the port, which fails to bring some new article of use, or of luxury, or which does not serve, by lowering the former prices, to place within reach of the inferior ranks many things known before only to the wealthy ; to extend the range of comforts and enjoyments, and to open new sources of industry.

‘ Amongst a people circumstanced as the South Americans have been, debarred for ages from the advantages of commerce, this change is of the last importance ; and it is pleasing to reflect, that while our merchants are consulting their own interests, and advancing the prosperity of their country, they are, at the same time, by stimulating at once and gratifying the wants of a great people, adding incalculably to the amount of human happiness. By thus creating higher tastes and newer wants, they produce fresh motives to exertion, and give more animating hopes to whole nations, which, without such powerful and immediate excitements, might, for ought we know, have long remained in their ancient state of listlessness and ignorance. Every man in the country, rich or poor, not only practically feels the truth of this, but knows distinctly whence the advantage is derived ; and it is idle, therefore, to suppose that blessings which come home so directly to all men’s feelings, and which so manifestly influence their fortunes and happiness, can be easily taken from them.

‘ There are, no doubt, many defects in the administration of affairs

in Chili; occasional bad faith, and occasional oppression; and sometimes very inconvenient disturbances, and partial political changes; but these are of no moment in so vast a question. The barrier which has so long dammed up the tide of human rights, and free action, has been at length removed; and the stream is assuredly not to be stopped by any thing from without; and what is internal, that might produce mischief, is rapidly improving as men advance in intelligence, and acquire a deeper interest in good order. An invasion, indeed, might cause much misery and confusion, and tend, for a time, to keep back the moral and political improvement of the country; but the re-action would be inevitable, and, ere long, the outraged country would spring forward to life and liberty with tenfold vigour.

‘By means of foreign intercourse, and by the experience and knowledge of themselves, acquired by acting, for the first time, as freemen, they will come to know their own strength: by learning also to respect themselves, which they could hardly have done before, they will be ready to respect a government formed of themselves; and instead of despising and hating their rulers, and seeking to counteract their measures, will join heartily in supporting them when right, or in exerting a salutary influence over them when wrong. At all events, even now, all parties would unite upon the least show of an attack; and so the result will prove, should any thing so wild and unjust be attempted.’ Vol. I. pp. 182—5.

A considerable portion of the work is occupied with details relating to the origin and history of the Revolution; and a highly interesting sketch is given of its progress in Chili, from its commencement, to the period of the full establishment of the National independence. This extensive country threw off the Spanish yoke in 1810; but the disputes of the different parties respecting the form of government and the law of election, with other causes of disagreement, arising out of the ambition of turbulent individuals, and the inexperience of the new-born nation in political affairs, enabled the Spaniards to regain their lost authority, by sending an army from Peru. The government of Buenos Ayres, naturally dreading that the next march of the Spaniards would be towards their capital, resolved to prevent it by becoming themselves the invaders. Troops were raised, and an army of 4000 men entered the Chilian territory with the view to re-establish its independent Government. The command of this expedition was given to San Martin,—the principal liberator of the southern portion of the New World; one of those extraordinary characters to whom a revolution so frequently gives birth,—a noble of nature, Captain Hall has given us an interesting portrait of this truly great man.

‘There was little, at first sight, in his appearance, to engage the attention; but when he rose up and began to speak, his superiority

was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a loose surtout coat, and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, well-proportioned handsome man, with a large aquiline nose, thick black hair, and immense bushy dark whiskers, extending from ear to ear under the chin; his complexion is deep olive; his manners are exceedingly cordial and engaging, and he is possessed evidently of great kindliness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. In conversation he went at once to the strong points of the topic, disdaining, as it were, to trifle with its minor parts; he listened earnestly, and replied with distinctness and fairness, shewing wonderful resources in argument, and a most happy fertility of illustration, the effect of which was, to make his audience feel they were understood in the sense they wished. Yet there was nothing showy or ingenious in his discourse, and he certainly seemed, at all times, perfectly in earnest, and deeply possessed with his subject. At times his animation rose to a high pitch, when the flash of his eye and the whole turn of his expression became so exceedingly energetic, as to rivet the attention of his audience beyond the possibility of evading his arguments. This was most remarkable when the topic was politics, on which subject I consider myself fortunate in having heard him express himself frequently. But his quiet manner was not less striking, and indicative of a mind of no ordinary stamp; and he could even be playful and familiar, were such the tone of the moment; and whatever effect the subsequent possession of great political power may have had on his mind, I feel confident that his natural disposition is kind and benevolent.' pp. 210—12.

The Spaniards were beaten by the Patriot General. Bernardo O'Higgins, an Irishman by descent, the constant companion in arms of San Martin, was declared the Chief of Chili; and on the 5th of April, 1818, the decisive battle of Maypo again restored to Chili its independence, leaving it in the complete possession of the Patriots, or, as the expressive language of their country designated them, *Hijos del Pays*—the Sons of the land. The attention of the confederate governments of Chili and Buenos Ayres, was then turned towards Peru; San Martin was named Commander-in-Chief of their armies, and the greatest exertions were made to raise a force sufficient to emancipate the Sister territory. The inhabitants of the two free states naturally reasoned, that their own freedom could not be secure, while Peru remained in bondage. "The Liberating Army of Peru," as the expedition was denominated, commenced operations in the Year 1820. In the following spirited bulletin, they declared their object and their hopes.

* In the tenth year of the South American Revolution, and the three-hundredth of the conquest of Peru, a people, whose rank in

the social scale has been hitherto rated below its destiny, has undertaken to break those chains which Pizarro began to forge with his blood-stained hands, in 1520. The government established in Chili, since its restoration, having conceived this great design, deems it right that it should be carried into execution by the same person (San Martin), who, having twice promised to save his country, has twice succeeded. An expedition, equipped by means of great sacrifices, is, at length, ready to proceed; and the army of Chili, united to that of the Andes, is now called upon to redeem the land in which slavery has longest existed, and from whence the latest efforts have been made to oppress the whole Continent. Happy be this day on which the record of the movements and the actions of the expedition commences.

'The object of this enterprise is to decide, whether or not the time is arrived, when the influence of South America upon the rest of the world shall be commensurate with its extent, its riches, and its situation.' Vol. II. pp. 66—8.

While affairs were in this state, an invitation was given to our countryman Admiral Lord Cochrane, to take the command of the Chilian navy. He accepted it, and this circumstance powerfully contributed to the success of the cause. The operations of his Lordship are detailed at some length by Captain Hall. The following instance of intrepidity and skill is too characteristic of the British seaman to be passed over. It has been justly characterised by a distinguished member of the House of Commons, as one of the most splendid actions in the annals of the British navy; 'an action combining the greatest calmness, the most skilful judgement, and the most daring valour.*'

'In the mean time, while the Liberating Army under San Martin were removing to Ancon, Lord Cochrane, with part of his squadron, anchored in the outer Roads of Callao, the sea-port of Lima. The inner harbour was guarded by an extensive system of batteries, admirably constructed, and bearing the general name of the Castle of Callao; and the merchant-ships, as well as the men-of-war, consisting at that time of the *Emeralda*, a large 40 gun frigate, and two sloops of war, were moored under the guns of the castle within a semicircle of fourteen gun boats, and a boom made of spars chained together. Lord Cochrane, having previously reconnoitred these formidable defences in person, undertook, on the night of the 5th of November, the desperate enterprise of cutting out the Spanish frigate, although known to be fully prepared for an attack. He proceeded in fourteen boats, containing 240 men, all volunteers from

* Speech of Sir J. Mackintosh, M. P. June 21, on presenting a petition from Manchester, praying the recognition of the independence of Spanish America.

the different ships of the squadron, in two divisions; one under the immediate orders of Captain Crosbie, the other under Captain Guise; both commanding ships of the squadron.

' At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and, taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol at his head, the alternative of "silence or death!" No reply was made; the boats pushed on unobserved; and Lord Cochrane, mounting the *Emeralda's* side, gave the first alarm. The sentinel on the gun-way levelled his piece, and fired; but was instantly cut down by the cockswain, and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry, on the opposite side, by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane mid-way on the quarter deck, and also by Captain Crosbie, the after-part of the ship was soon carried, sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the forecastle, where they made a desperate resistance, till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines, headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made for some time on the main deck; but before one o'clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole of the north face of the castle.'

Vol. II. pp. 71—73.

During the time that the Spaniards retained their authority, or rather the semblance of authority in Peru, Captain Hall visited its capital. But the patriots were at 'the silver gates' of the city of kings, as Lima had been proudly termed in the days of her magnificence, and all was terror and confusion. Sincerity and confidence were banished, and men looked upon each other with mutual distrust and dread. Yet, even under such circumstances of domestic and political misery, the usual sports of the people were not suspended. What Spaniard could forego the pleasures of a bull-fight, that national and royal pastime? One that took place at this period, was witnessed by our Author. He would not, we imagine, be anxious to see a second exhibition of the same kind.

' After the bull had been repeatedly speared, and tormented by darts and fire-works, and was all streaming with blood, the Matador, on a signal from the Viceroy, proceeded to despatch him. Not being, however, sufficiently expert, he merely sheathed his sword in the animal's neck without effect. The bull instantly took his revenge, by tossing the Matador to a great height in the air, and he fell apparently dead in the arena. The audience applauded the bull, while the attendants carried off the Matador. The bull next attacked a horseman, dismounted him, ripped up the horse's belly, and bore him to the ground, where he was not suffered to die in peace, but was raised on his legs, and urged, by whipping and goading, to move round the ring in a state too horrible to be described, but which af-

forded the spectators the greatest delight. The noble bull had thus succeeded in baffling his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was thought of to subdue him. A large curved instrument, called a kina, was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs; such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for a man, armed with a dagger, now mounted the bull's back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstasies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his pace; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

Vol. II. pp. 99—101.

It was without regret that Captain Hall quitted the capital of Peru, and returned to Chili, after an absence of seven weeks. He afterwards made several journeys into the interior; and he describes in a very spirited manner, the habits and character of the people. This portion of the work contains some useful observations on the state of the mining districts. The inhabitants of Santiago are represented to be much superior to those of the port in point of education; and it is gratifying to have the testimony of Captain Hall, that the influence of the priests is on the decline.

The following anecdote, which was current in the city at this time, is adduced to shew, that a more liberal spirit, especially in matters of education, had recently been introduced, and was fast spreading over the country.

'A gentleman had thought fit to instruct his daughter in French,—a circumstance which the girl, unconscious of any crime, mentioned in the course of her confession to the priest, who, after expressing the greatest horror at what he heard, denounced the vengeance of heaven upon her and her father, refused to give her absolution, and sent the poor creature home in an agony of fear. The father soon discovered the cause, and after some correspondence with the confessor, went to the head of the Government, who sent for the priest, questioned him on the subject, and charged him with having directly interfered with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, which gave encouragement to every species of learning. The priest affected to carry matters with a high hand, and even ventured to censure the Director for meddling with things beyond his authority. This was soon settled: a council was immediately called, and the next day it was known throughout the city, that the priest had been seen crossing the frontiers, escorted by a military guard. An account of the whole transaction, with the correspondence between the parent and the confessor, was also published officially in the Gazette, and full authority given, in future, to every person, to teach any branch of knowledge not inconsistent with morals and religion.' pp. 178—80.

The latter portion of the volumes contains some useful remarks on the Colonial system, and on the state of society in the less known districts of Guayaquil, Panama, Acapulco, and Coquimbo. With regard to Mexico, the information is somewhat scanty; but an interesting sketch is given of the revolution, and of the state of political feeling in that country. Iturbide is described as 'a man who, by his address, in every case of conquest, converted into active friends, all those who had been before indifferent; and seldom failed to gain over to his cause the most powerful of his enemies; while, at the same time, he won the confidence and esteem of every one by his invariable moderation, humanity, and justice.' In the month of May 1822, he was elected, by the Constitutional Congress, the first Emperor of Mexico. After he had reigned a year, the monarchy yielded to the ascendancy of the Republican party, and Iturbide was banished to Italy. By this time he is, in all probability, again in Mexico; and it is a subject of much speculation, what reception he may have met with on his arrival. It was supposed, that he would be welcomed by a powerful party; and it is not impossible, that Don Augustin de Iturbide may be re-instated as the Emperor of Mexico.

Captain Hall was already known to our readers as the Author of the very interesting account of the Loo-Choo Islanders. These volumes will not detract from his reputation. They are written in a very lively style, and will be found extremely interesting.

Art. IV. *Poetic Vigils*. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 304.
Price 8s. London. 1824.

MR. BARTON is a fortunate man,—we say it notwithstanding the melancholy intimations of his prefatory sonnet,—fortunate in the talents entrusted to him, fortunate in the fame that they have won, and that from quarters in which such sentiments as his are not wont to be received with complacency. The Edinburgh Review certainly did itself as much honour as it conferred, by its kindly meant notice of Mr. Barton's former volume; and whatever draw-back it might be upon their praise, to the Author's feelings, to be exhibited as a phenomenon at the expense of the religious society of which he is a member, and to have his genius and his Quakerism mixed up together, as if the critic was all the while chuckling at the idea how the bays would look twined round a broad-brim,—still, the distinction conferred was flattering, and the service done the poet,

VOL. XXII. N.S.

E

was not inconsiderable. A still more unlooked for honour has since fallen upon our Friend Bernard. We have seen his name announced as one of a very select, though motley list of associates of a certain newly established Royal Society of Literature, in which the Quaker Poet is, if we mistake not, the only sectary thought worthy of such high association. Testimonies of respect and approbation, come from whom they may, when spontaneous, unequivocal, and disinterested, no wise man and no good man will despise; and though an infant society like the one in question, notwithstanding its royal sanction, must for the present seek to gain honour, rather than affect to bestow it, yet, their selection of Bernard Barton as an associate, does credit to both parties: it is a homage paid to character as much as to talent, which indicates a right feeling in those who awarded it.

What testimonies of approbation he has met with from his own body, we know not. A prophet is not without honour, it is said, save in his own country; and sometimes, a man of letters is not without honour save among his own religious connexions. Especially, should he be more intent to serve, than to please, those with whom his principles identify him, and in so doing, should he innocently offend against any received canons of phraseology, or established habits of thinking, he must expect to be coldly praised for his best endeavours, and to be forgiven, rather than commended by his own party, for striking out into a new line of thought or of expression. We can imagine, in the present instance, that many Friends may resent having the phenomenon of a Quaker poet, or a poetical representative of Quakerism, held up so obtrusively,—although it is quite obvious, that the innocent object of such invidious distinction is in no wise to blame, and ought not to suffer, for the manner in which his critics and admirers may express themselves. We have heard it drily remarked, that Friend Barton was not the first or the only writer of poetry in the Society. It is a fact, however, that he is the only one who has ventured to put out Quaker colours, and has succeeded in making them respected for the sake of his poetry. For this we honour him, and for this he deserves to be honoured, especially by his own connexions, that neither the flattering encomiums he has won from "high places," nor the neglect he may have had to complain of in other quarters, has made him change his habit or his phrase. We once saw him,—as plain and primitive in his garb, and as meek in his air, as if he had never been conversant with any other books than the Ledger and the Cash-book. And in the present volume, he will be found to have undergone no metamorphosis. There is more

explicit orthodoxy than many of his own sect will approve, more piety than most of his critics will relish, more Quakerism than a mere poet would have ventured on, and better poetry than has often been found in combination with all three.

We have so fully expressed our opinion of Mr. Barton's talents on former occasions, that it will only be necessary for us in the present instance to state, that, in our judgement, this volume will amply sustain the test of comparison with his previous productions. Of one poem, indeed, which now appears not for the first time, but which has hitherto been confined to almost private circulation, entitled "*A Day in Autumn*," we have already expressed a very favourable estimate, which we feel no disposition to retract. Next to the *Ode to the Sun*, which is certainly the most resplendent of Mr. Barton's productions, we are inclined to rank the poem above alluded to. Nothing is more likely than that the present volume will be judged inferior to its predecessors, and nothing was less improbable than it should really be inferior; for the attempt to elaborate rarely succeeds in making compensation for the degree of sameness which will be detected or fancied in an author's second or third volume. But we have no hesitation in pronouncing it equal in merit, and superior in interest, to "*Napoleon and other poems*." Mr. Barton has decided wisely in returning to the modest duodecimo form, and in trusting to 'minor poems' altogether for the attraction of his present volume. He has evidently put forth his strength to do his best, under the impression,—we trust, a fallacious one,—that these strains may be his last; nor do we perceive any declension of either vigour or simplicity as the consequence of greater care and a more cultivated taste brought to the composition. Mr. Barton apologises for the quaintness of his title: we think it a happy one, and sufficiently warranted by the circumstances under which most of the poems have been written. But the motto is a gem set in the title-page.

' Dear night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busie fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of Spirits ; my soul's calm retreat,
Which none disturb !

Henry Vaughan.

We cannot do better than take as our first extract, the *Ode to Night's prime minister, the Owl*.

' Bird of the solemn midnight hour !
Thy Poet's emblem be ;
If arms might be the Muses' dower,
His crest were found in thee.

Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
 And Superstition fondly frame
 Fresh omens for thy song ;—
 With me thou art a favourite bird,
 Of habits, hours, and haunts preferr'd
 To day's more noisy throng.

' Are not thy habits grave and sage,
 Thyself beseeeming well,
 Like hermit's in his hermitage,
 Or nun's in convent cell ?

Secluded as an anchorite,
 Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
 In silence and alone :

'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent
 Their days in dreams as innocent,
 As thine, my bird, have flown.

' Are not the hours to thee most dear,
 Those which my bosom thrill ?
 Evening—whose charms my spirits cheer,
 And Night, more glorious still.
 I love to see thee slowly glide
 Along the dark wood's leafy side,
 On undulating wing,
 So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
 Thou seem'st more like a phantom sprite,
 Than like a living thing.

' I love to hear thy hooting cry,
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 On gusty breezes sweeping by,
 And feel its utmost power ;
 From Nature's depths it seems to come,
 When other oracles are dumb ;
 And eloquent its sound,
 Asserting Night's majestic sway,
 And bearing Fancy far away
 To solitudes profound ;—

' To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
 Which hoary eld reveres ;
 To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
 Gray with the lapse of years ;
 To hollow trees by lightning scath'd ;
 To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
 By some sequester'd stream ;
 To tangled wood, and briery brake,
 Where only Echo seems awake
 To answer to thy scream.

' While habits, hours, and haunts so lone
 And lofty, blend with thee,
 Well may'st thou, bird of night ! be prone
 To touch thought's nobler key ;
 To waken feelings undefin'd,
 And bring home to the Poet's mind,
 Who frames his Vigil-Lay,
 Visions of higher musings born,
 And fancies brighter than adorn
 His own ephem'ral day.'

The following poem is not original : it is avowedly modernized from the old author whose poems have furnished the motto. It has all the richness and quaintness of our earlier bards ; and without having at hand the means of ascertaining how much of the beauty of the poem is owing to its modern dress, we must give it in proof, at least, of our Author's taste and judgement.

' SABBATH DAYS.

' Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
 The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
 Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.
 ' Eternity in Time—the steps by which
 We climb to future ages—lamps that light
 Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
 Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.
 ' Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
 As on he journeys in the narrow way,
 Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
 Are waited for as in the cool of day.
 ' Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers ;
 Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers !
 ' A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
 By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
 A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
 Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.
 ' Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
 Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
 The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
 And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !'

There is a very impressive poem entitled " Dives and Lazarus : " the subject is well treated, and, notwithstanding what might be deemed its unpoetical nature, is invested with a picturesque force of representation.

‘ DIVES AND LAZARUS.

‘ In wakeful dreams of thought
 Before my view was brought,
 By Fancy's vivid art, the solemn hour
 When Lazarus revil'd,
 And Dives, Fortune's child,
 Alike confess'd stern Death's resistless power.

‘ How opposite the scene !
 The first with brow serene,
 Receiv'd the mandate with a grateful smile ;
 A smile that seem'd to say
 What here should tempt my stay ?
 What from the peaceful grave my thoughts beguile ?

‘ Him Death's stern herald found
 By dogs encompass'd round,
 By dogs less brutal than Wealth's pamper'd son ;
 For they, at least, reliev'd
 The suff'rer, hope-bereav'd,
 Whose only solace there from them was won.

‘ The sight, methought, awoke
 In him who dealt the stroke
 A sense of pity ;—with a gentle hand,
 And glance that none could dread,
 Upon the Beggar's head
 He for a moment dropp'd his chilling wand.

‘ That touch suffic'd !—for, straight
 Before the Minion's gate
 A lifeless, loathsome mass the Beggar lay,
 Which e'en the dogs with fear
 Beheld, and drew not near,
 But left to rav'ning birds their nat'ral prey.

‘ Yet from that loathsome sight
 Up sprang a form of light,
 Radiant and beautiful as angels are ;
 And round that form, I ween,
 A heavenly host were seen,
 Of seraphs bright, immortal, waiting there.

‘ These with unfeign'd delight,
 Prepar'd to guide its flight
 To the fair regions of eternal day ;
 And soon from outward gaze
 With songs of joy and praise
 The glorious vision pass'd in light away.

‘ But see ! the rich man's gate,
 Where Lazarus of late
 Lay, an unheeded spectacle of woe,
 Shows an unwonted change,
 And wears an aspect strange,
 As sage and solemn passers come, and go.

' These are no liv'ried train,
Who get their daily gain
By servile fawning on the pomp of wealth;
These are the men of skill,
Whom Dives trusteth still
From whom his ample hoards shall purchase health.

' Vain, vain the idle dream!
Baffled is every scheme
Of boasted science to defraud the grave:
Mortality is just,
And calls alike to dust
Mammon's rich minion, Poverty's vile slave.

' "*The rich man also died!*"
But—was there nought beside?
He died, and *he was buried!*—Haste! prepare
The pomp of funeral woe,
And lay his reliques low
With solemn music, and with torches' glare.

' Or let the proud array
Amid the blaze of day
Flaunt yet more coldly on the eye and heart;
And show how little power
Has wealth in such an hour
One thrill of genuine feeling to impart.

' What is there in the throng
Who slowly bear along
The cumbrous splendour of the gorgeous bier?
What in the guise of woe
Are mourners following slow,
Whose downcast eyes confess no gen'rous tear?

' Cold, blank, and lifeless all;
A pageant to appal!
An empty mockery of idle state,
To that heart-touching change,
And transformation strange,
Known by the beggar at his palace-gate.

' Reader! with envious eye,
Or discontented sigh,
Hast thou upon the worldling's splendour gaz'd?
'Mid poverty and care,
Hast thou in dumb despair
To heaven a glance of hopeless anguish rais'd?

' Are "evil things" thy lot?
Yet bear, and murmur not!
Ill can short-sighted Man his good discuss;
Brief pleasure could it give
Like Dives here to *live*,
Eternal joy, to *die* like Lazarus!

Our readers will perceive that a large proportion of the poems are of a religious character. There are many very pleasing pieces, however, of a lighter kind, some descriptive and others epistolary. We have alluded to those in which the Author avows his attachment to the principles of Quakerism : they consist of elegiac memorials of several early ministers and worthies of the Society of Friends. The most daring and the most spirited of these effusions, is entitled "A Memorial of ' James Nayler, the Reproach and Glory of Quakerism.' This is not the place to discuss the character of that individual : if *he* was a fanatic, Mr. Barton is not, nor is he the apologist for his fanaticism ; but he has evidently been prompted by a generous zeal, as well as by very correct Christian feeling, in this endeavour to rescue the name of Nayler from the unmixed contempt with which it is associated, even among Friends. Viewed in this light, the poem, whatever may be thought of the theme, does as much credit to his heart, as the easy, yet spirited versification and well-pointed sentiment do to his talents.

' A MEMORIAL, &c.

- ' I know thy fall to some appears
 Our sect's reproach and shame ;
 That the dark clouds of distant years
 Still hover round thy name ;
 That not the sceptic's taunt alone,
 And bigot's harsh upbraiding tone ;
 Have been to thee unjust ;
 But some who ought thy worth to feel,
 Thy weakness gladly would conceal,
 And view thee with distrust.
- ' These think that nothing can atone
 For such a lapse as thine,
 And wish oblivion's curtain thrown
 O'er every word and line
 Which tells of thy o'erclouded hour,
 Of darkness' and delusion's power,
 The strange and fearful tale ;
 As if their silence could efface
 Each humbling, yet instructive trace
 Of one who prov'd so frail.
- ' Fruitless the wish, if such there be,
 Thy weakness to forget ;
 Though there be much combin'd with thee
 To waken keen regret ;
 Much to excite compassion's tear ;
 To prompt humility and fear,

And vigilance to teach ;—
Yet in thy penitence and shame,
Not less might strictest Truth proclaim,
Which every heart should reach.

‘ Be it then known—though dire thy fall,
And dark thy error’s night,
Thy spirit rose from every thrall
To liberty and light ;—
That through the Saviour’s grace divine,
A peaceful, hopeful end was thine,
His matchless power to tell ;
And Gospel precepts, undefil’d,
From lips no more by doubt beguil’d
In dying accents fell.

‘ “ There is a spirit which I feel
That would revenge no wrong,
Whose calm endurance can reveal
The Hope that maketh strong ;—
That Hope, which can all wrath outlive,
Contention’s bitterness forgive,
The scoffs of pride endure ;
Can wear out cruelty ; subdue
Whatever is opposed unto
Its nature meek and pure.

‘ “ It sees to all Temptation’s end ;
And while it suffers not
Aught evil with itself to blend,
No brother’s name would blot :
Betray’d, it bears it, for its ground
And spring is Mercy !—it is crown’d
With meekness, love unfeign’d ;
It takes its kingdom but by prayer,
Not strife.—and keeps with humble care
What lowliness has gain’d.

‘ “ In God alone it can rejoice,
Though none regard beside :
He only owns its humble voice,
Who first its life supplied :
In sorrow was it first conceiv’d,
Brought forth unpitied ;—is it griev’d ?
Oppress’d ?—no murmur flows ;
Through suffering only comes its joy ;
For worldly pleasures would destroy
The hidden life it knows.

“ “ I found this hope, when left alone,
From man’s communion hurl’d ;
Therein sweet fellowship have known
With outcasts of the world ;

With them who lived in dens of earth,
Desolate places, far from mirth ;
But who, through death to sin,
A glorious resurrection gain'd,
And holy, steadfast hope obtain'd
Eternal life to win !”

‘ If such thy dying words—if such
Thy parting spirit's tone—
Should not thy memory waken much
For Fellowship to own ?
If few have ever fallen as Thou,
Yet few or none can Truth avow
So gloriously restor'd ;
And placed before the Christian's eye,
A monument to testify
The goodness of The Lord.

‘ So highly does my spirit prize
Thy truly Christian fame,
Our History boasts not, in my eyes,
A more illustrious Name ;—
Not one to which I oftener turn,
Afresh the excellence to learn
Of watching unto prayer ;
Of deep humility the worth ;
Of Hope which owes to Grace its birth,
Where Nature would despair ;—

‘ Of shame and suffering meekly crown'd
With glory from above ;
Of strength in conscious weakness found,
And life in fervent love :
These may be lessons hard to learn
By those who only will discern
What outward sense can see ;
But fools, in worldly wisdom's view,
Confess them excellent and true,
Exemplified in Thee.

‘ An ardent mind may be deceiv'd
By wild enthusiast dreams,
Then doubt the light it once believ'd,
Though brightly still it beams ;
But from such visions to awake,
Their dark delusions to forsake,
And see *The Light* yet shine ;—
To own, to follow, love it still,
In self-abasedness of will—
Was worthy Faith like thine !” pp. 213—19.

There will be no difference of opinion respecting the follow-

ing elegant little poem, which, had it not been written by a Quaker, we should have supposed to be written *for music*. But it sets itself to music.

‘ HOME.

‘ Where burns the lov’d hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast ?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess’d ?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed Patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which Mirth’s bright cheek adorn ? —
Pleasure is mark’d by fleetness,
To those who ever roam ;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home ! dear Home !

‘ There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy’s visits when most brief :
There eyes in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart :
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure ?
O ! do not widely roam ;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home ! dear Home !

‘ Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below ?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe ?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer ;
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there :
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam ;
If worshipless her altar
At Home ! dear Home !

‘ Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shews its perfect law ;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around ?

Go ! leave thy gift unoffer'd,
 Beneath Religion's dome,
 And be her first-fruits proffer'd
 At Home ! dear Home !' p. 294.

The lines 'To an old Disciple,' 'Morning and Evening,' 'The Poet's Lot,' 'Woman,' 'To the River Deben,' but, above all, the noble 'Hymn' at p. 189, might also be adduced as very pleasing specimens of our Author's poetical talents. The lovers of Cowper—we allude, of course, to his minor pieces—and of Montgomery, will not fail to derive from Mr. Barton's poems, gratification of the same pure kind that is afforded by the perusal of their works. He often very forcibly reminds us both of the Bard of Weston and the Bard of Sheffield by his style, but constantly by the indications of a kindred spirit. We have alluded to the prefatory sonnet, and shall therefore make room for it in this place.

'The springs of life are failing, one by one,
 And Age, with quicken'd step, is drawing nigh ;
 Yet would I heave no discontented sigh,
 Since cause for cold ingratitude is none.
 If slower thro' my veins life's tide may run,
 The heart's young fountains are not wholly dry :
 Though evening clouds shadow my noontide sky,
 Night cannot quench the Spirit's inward sun !
 Once more, then, ere th' eternal bourn be pass'd,
 Would I my lyre's rude melody essay ;
 And, while amid the chords my fingers stray,
 Should Fancy sigh—*these strains may be its last*,
 Yet shall not this my mind with gloom o'ercast,
 If my day's work be finish'd with the day !'

If we rightly understand the intimation in these lines, Mr. Barton finds his health failing. We deeply regret this, but are not surprised at such a result of his 'poetic vigils.' The 'day of spirits' is a sad foe to the gross materialism which forms, in our case, their vehicle. These poems are 'the production of hours snatched from recreation and repose.' This is writing with one's blood, and Mr. Barton will persist in such exertions at the peril of life or reason. But if the alternative be, continuing such a practice, or giving up the worthy employment of his faculties, we will only say, that it is not for the honour of his Society, that he should be abandoned to a situation that leaves him no other choice.

Art. V. 1. *A Reply to the Letters of the Abbé Dubois, on the State of Christianity in India.* By the Rev. James Hough, Chaplain to the Hon. E. I. Comp. on the Madras Establishment. 8vo. pp. 322. London. 1824.

2. *An Answer to the Abbé Dubois*, in which the various wrong Principles, Misrepresentations, and Contradictions, contained in his Work entitled, "Letters on the State of Christianity in India," are pointed out, and the Evangelization of India is, both on sound Principle and by solid Fact, demonstrated to be practicable. By Henry Townley, Missionary to Bengal. small 8vo. pp. 214. Price 4s. 6d. London. 1824.

WE thought that we had done with the Abbé Dubois; and most of our readers will be ready to think that we have already paid him quite as much attention as he deserves. It is not our fault that any occasion exists for a fresh exposure of his incompetence and his malignity. We lost no time in answering his challenge, and were at some pains to collect evidence supplied by himself, in his former work, of the utter falsehood of many of his allegations. We have only to regret that we could not make ourselves heard more extensively, because we are quite sure, without taking to ourselves the slightest credit for any powers of argumentation, that had that evidence been fairly before the eyes of the Abbé's patrons and admirers in this country, neither would the Quarterly Reviewer, with all his antipathy to missionaries and ultra philanthropists, have ventured to hold up the semi-pagan Jesuit as a model of missionaries, nor would even the Monthly Review, with egregious folly, have lauded the Abbé as uniting in himself the piety of the priest and the wisdom of the philosopher!! Such expressions in any other than the aged Journal in question, might have been mistaken for irony; but the learned writers in that work are by far too dignified to joke and too sage to trifle.

These somewhat tardy replies to the Abbé's Letters, will, however, we trust, set the public right on the subject. We are surprised, indeed, that no explanation is given in either volume, of the reasons that have delayed their appearance. Assuredly, it could not require nine months to draw up an efficient refutation of the Abbé's misrepresentations and contradictions; and the public will require to know why the measure now deemed necessary, was not adopted in the first instance. If late, however, they are not unseasonable, and they will be found most effective. The mass of information contained more especially in Mr. Hough's Reply, is both important and interesting; and we shall avail ourselves of the contents of both publications, in briefly adverting to such

points as were but slightly noticed in our review of the "Letters."

In the first place, as regards the alleged impossibility of converting the Hindoos. The Abbé would justify his own abandonment of the missionary cause, and endeavours to deter others from embarking in it, by the monstrous position, that God has predestinated the Hindoos to eternal reprobation. 'The time of conversion' to them, he says, 'has passed away.' He is not the first person who, while denouncing the doctrine of Election as a gloomy tenet, would, without compunction, consign millions to hopeless perdition in pursuance of a supposed Divine decree. This is antinomianism in one of its worst features. All that seems most dark and repulsive in Calvinism, brightens into sunshine, when contrasted with the deep horrors of this popish predestination. Never has the much misunderstood reasoning of the Apostle in the ninth chapter of Romans, the '*Cujus vult miseretur*' cited by the Abbé, been more grossly misapplied, than as this misguided man applies it to one hundred millions of human beings. And upon what pretence does he pronounce the Hindoo nation irrevocably doomed to the bondage of Satan? Simply, his own want of success. For, though he refers to the labours of Roman Catholic missionaries three centuries back, he tells us himself, that those labours were successful,—that above half a million of Hindoos have embraced the Romish creed; and though we cannot call that creed as taught by the Jesuits in India, Christianity, *he* claims for it that name. He has further pointed out one station in which alone between three and four hundred Hindoos are annually baptized into the Christian communion, and has stated that, with a suitable reinforcement of missionaries, this number might be increased. But *he* has been unsuccessful! Is this the blindness of mortified vanity? No, there is evidently a deeper design. The Divine decrees stand not in the way of the Romish missions, but he would make use of this argument to deter Protestants from embarking in the missionary cause.

'The Jesuits certainly contrived to manage these matters better,' says the Quarterly Reviewer. How did they manage? They entered on the work with a lie in their hands, announcing themselves as *European Brahmins*, come to confer with their brother Brahmins; and after compassing sea and land to make proselytes, they made them two-fold more the children of hell than themselves. It is not at the Abbé Dubois we marvel: it is at his Protestant abettors.

The attempt to shew that the sovereign purpose of God forbids the conversion of the Hindoos, deserves no further notice.

Thousands of living witnesses refute by their conversion the odious blasphemy. Mr. Townley states, that there is even a native missionary society at Serampore, the committee of which is composed almost entirely of converted natives. But facts like these make no impression on the minds of those opponents of Missions in this country, who mean by impossibility, impolicy,—by impracticability, danger. A member of the House of Commons is reported to have declared his opinion in a certain place, only a few days ago, that the Missionaries would, in the end, not only turn us out of the West, but even out of the East Indies. What does the Company care about the theological part of the question? Nay, there are too many who, if they were persuaded that the conversion of the Hindoos is utterly impossible, would be content, and enjoy undisturbed their laugh at the Missionaries. But they are led to believe, that mutinies, bloodshed, losses, a fall in East India stock, and all sorts of calamities are the probable consequence of the fanatical attempt to make the Hindoos better Christians than too many of the Europeans. Mr. Hough's book, if these gentlemen would read, might assuage these alarms. That the impracticability has been prodigiously magnified, and that the danger, as respects missionary exertions, is wholly visionary, is amply substantiated by the facts which he has brought forward. We speak now of the practicability of inducing an outward change in the habits and prejudices of the Hindoo; for, as to the conversion of the heart to God, it does not belong to us to speculate on the comparative difficulty of a work in which the Divine Being is the only efficient Agent. We have before referred to the progress of schools, and especially of female schools, under native patronage; to the societies at Calcutta, in which European Christians, native Mahommedans, and Hindoos are associated, not only as subscribers, but as members of the same committee. The institution of the Hindoo College at Calcutta, almost entirely founded on the contributions of that class of natives whose name it bears, is another encouraging fact, in proof of the freedom of respectable natives from Brahminical influence. Native presses, an engine unknown a few years ago to the inhabitants of India, are in active operation. But, says Mr. Hough,

‘the most remarkable and most recent triumph of the native mind over Brahminical influence, is furnished, by the formation of the Hindoo Literary Society. A number of natives of the first respectability in Calcutta, have formed themselves into a society of that denomination. The first meeting was held in February 1823. In the address then read, they deplore the inconvenience attending the want of a public

institution for the advancement of learning in that country among its native society, and declare that the want of such an institution has been long felt. The causes of their depressed condition, they ascribe to those very prejudices and superstitions which the Abbé Dubois asserts are insurmountable, but which they regard as an evil to be removed only by the cultivation of literature, and by free intercourse with other people; to promote which, they say, is the express object of their Society. The business at that meeting was conducted with a decorum that would have done credit to an European assembly; and the sentiments of the different speakers were delivered with great propriety and freedom. Discussion was invited on literary and even *religious* subjects. Two persons present objected to all political discussion and abusive exposures of their religion; but they were answered, that should any one publish a work abusing their religion, a defence must be offered thereto.

Mr. Hough distinctly states that the Brahmins, as a body, have never come forward to impede the progress of Christianity among the other castes. But in proof that the command which the Brahminy caste may be supposed to have held at one time over the minds of the people, is greatly diminished, he mentions several interesting and decisive facts.

‘Will M. Dubois think it possible,’ he says, ‘that a native could, or would, in opposition to the Brahmins, introduce a band of European music into their very pagoda, and have it to march and play before the idol, when carried out in procession. Yet this actually occurred at Palamcottah, during my residence at that station. The individual in question is a Moodalyar, a man of a liberal mind, benevolent to the poor, and highly esteemed by all the Europeans at the station. He is also the chief support of the pagoda near his habitation; and, having hired a music-master to instruct his native musicians, he dressed them in uniform, and employed them in the manner I have related. When the Brahmins remonstrated against this innovation, he replied with a smile, and bade them only to listen well to the new music, and observe its vast superiority over their own tom-toms and pipes. For the same purpose, he frequently borrowed the drums and fifes of the native battalion, which are played by *Pariahs*, most of whom are Roman Catholic *Christians*, and would therefore prove doubly objectionable to the Brahmins. But their inclination, and even expostulation, he totally disregarded.

‘On one occasion, while waiting for the ferry-boat to carry me over the Tambravany, I mingled with the crowd of natives collected for the same purpose, and endeavoured to improve the opportunity, by conversing with them upon the importance of salvation, and ascertaining who were able to read and willing to receive religious books. While thus employed, a Brahmin drew near, notwithstanding the jostling of the crowd, and seemed curious to know what I had to say, and what the book contained. I accosted him, and after some conversation, he accepted a book. I then turned to another man, who was importunate for a tract; and while reading aloud the one which I had put into his

hand; he stopped at a word, which he asked me to explain. It was the word *Jesus*. As soon as the Brahmin heard the sound, he returned the book I had given him. This gave me an opportunity of exposing the absurdity and weakness of his prejudice against a name; and while I was speaking, he stole silently away, without uttering a word to influence the minds of the people; nor did his example diminish in the least their attention to myself. While crossing the river, I again spoke to this Brahmin, (who was in the ferry with me, and had been joined by another,) upon the impropriety of his conduct. He seemed to pay no attention to what I said; but his companion accepted a small book; and a respectable native in the ferry begged for the one which the other Brahmin had rejected.

With regard to the invincible attachment of the natives to their religion and customs, and the insurmountableness of their religious prejudices, the Abbé himself notices two instances in which the most inveterate of those prejudices have given way; in the one case, before the influence of an individual, in the other, before the authoritative interference of the Government. We refer to the abolition of female infanticide among the Rajahpoots, and of the sacrifice of children to the Ganges. When the Marquis Wellesley manifested an inclination to abolish this latter practice, as great an outcry was raised against it, as the Abbé Dubois now raises against every similar interference with the prejudices of the natives. But the Marquis was not the man to be diverted from his purpose by such clamours: the law was passed in 1802, by which the practice was declared murder; it was put in force without delay; and notwithstanding the predictions of dangerous commotions, it was obeyed without the slightest resistance, or even indications of displeasure.

* At the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges at Allahabad, Hindoo devotees were for ages in the practice of drowning themselves. But, not long ago, it was put a stop to by the Judge simply issuing an order, "that any person found assisting to drown another, should be taken up for murder." This had the desired effect: the multitude collected together on the occasion, dispersed without the least disturbance.

* It will, I believe, says Mr. Hough, be allowed, that, in the opinion of a confirmed Hindoo, it is the greatest of all crimes to put a Brahmin to death. No native Rajah or magistrate ever dreamed of executing one of that caste, whatever were his offence. But the British Government have paid no deference to this prejudice; awarding appropriate punishments to criminals of every caste, with the strictest impartiality. I very well remember a case in point, related to me by the late R. H. Young, Esq. who was for ten years Judge, and subsequently Collector of Tinnevely. When he was Magistrate of Trichinopoly, a Brahmin was condemned to die, and he, *ex officio*,

had to see the sentence carried into effect. It was the first instance of the kind that had occurred at the Station; and all the Europeans there were of opinion, that the populace would not allow the man to be executed, and would rescue him by force, if the attempt were made. When Mr. Young expressed his determination to do his duty, the Commanding Officer wished to support him with a strong escort of soldiers; but this he declined, thinking it of importance to let the natives see that he reposed confidence in his own Peons. He requested, however, that, on the event of a tumult, the military might be prepared to assist in its suppression. The Brahmin was led out in the presence of a vast concourse of people, from whom not a murmur was heard, while preparations were making for his execution, or at the moment of his being launched into eternity: and when the awful scene was closed, they quietly dispersed.

'The aversion of the Brahmins to mingle with inferior castes is well known, and was long considered as unconquerable. But, for some years past, they have enlisted into our native battalions, and stand in the line, or march indiscriminately with "vile Pariahs," (as the Abbé Dubois designates them,) and even with Chucklers (workers in leather), who are some degrees below the Pariah.

'By entering our army, they make another compromise of their ancient prejudices. It is contrary to their superstitions, for any Hindoos, except those of the lowest castes, to use the flesh or skin of any animal: and to have done so formerly, a man would have lost caste. But the whole of our Seapoys, who are composed of all ranks, wear the belts, cartridge-box, bayonet-case, sandals, &c. which are all made of leather. Indeed, many private natives are now accustomed to wear leathern sandals and shoes. A short time previously to my leaving India, I accompanied my Moonshes, one evening, to the door; and, while they were putting on their shoes, desired to know of what they were made. "*Of cow's hide,*" was the reply. I affected to startle with surprise, and asked how they could be guilty of such sacrilege: to which they replied, with a smile, "When we know a little more of you," (meaning European gentlemen,) "we shall lay aside all these notions."

'Till within these few years, none but low-caste Hindoos would embark on board ship: but now, the Seapoys are transported across the ocean to any distance at which their services may be required, without any objection being expressed on their part, and, on the part of Government, with perfect indifference as to their distinction of caste. And when they return from these expeditions, they are received again by their friends without the slightest hesitation.

'For a long time, the Seapoys refused to wear a uniformity of dress, until it was thought almost dangerous to propose it. But the late Lieutenant-General, Sir Henry Cosby, in the early part of his military career in South India, succeeded in prevailing upon them to receive the uniform, which has continued to be worn by them to the present day.'

Two instances are given, in which the burning of widows was prevented by British interference without occasioning the

slightest disturbance. One of these cases occurred in 1818, in the district of Tinnevely, when the Author was resident at that station. Upon the death of a respectable Brahmin, both his widows applied for permission to burn with his body. As this was an unusual circumstance in South India, no orders had been issued by the Madras Government upon that subject; and the Magistrate forbade them to commit the suicide which, unhappily, our laws have legalized, till he should receive instructions on the subject. But the corpse could not be kept, and as the sacrifice, moreover, would have been divested of its peculiar virtue by an uncanonical delay, the body was burnt alone, and the widows consented to live. The other instance we give in Mr. Hough's own words: it occurred at Chicacole, about sixty miles from Vizagapatam.

'A lady at that station, shocked at hearing of a woman who intended to burn, and knowing that the wood was prepared for the dreadful sacrifice, wrote to the late Rev. C. Church, at that time Chaplain at Vizagapatam, requesting him to intercede with the magistrate to prevent it. That gentleman replied to Mr. Church, that he could not interpose his authority, but that he would *withhold his sanction* until every means had been tried to dissuade her from her purpose. For some time she disregarded every thing that was said to her, and all importunity to save her was disregarded by her friends to the last. She, however, at length overcome by the kind and persuasive entreaties of the lady in question, retracted. The immediate consequence was, her expulsion from her caste, and loss of all her jewels. But her compassionate protectress received her, and shewed her every attention she required; and a subscription was raised for her support. After a time, her friends, observing the notice taken of her by Europeans, received her back, and she was *re-instated into all the privileges of her caste*. She frequently visited her benefactress, after her return to her relations, and, with tears in her eyes, expressed her gratitude for her preservation.

'So much for the *impracticability* of abolishing this horrid practice! And so much for the danger the Abbé apprehends from the attempt! In short, I do maintain that it betrays an ignorance of the native character, to suppose that the Hindoos are *capable* of being "roused to a determined spirit of opposition and resistance," by such means as have hitherto been employed to wean them from any of their "sacred customs and practices." The Abbé very well knows, that the natives of India, are not composed of such active and irritable materials.'

It is a mortifying and distressing reflection, that, had the British governors of India been Mahommedans, this atrocious practice would long ago have certainly been suppressed. The Abbé Dubois tells us, that 'the Mahommedan rulers do not permit the barbarous practice in the provinces subject to

‘them.’ That the English Government might suppress it without the least danger of commotion, we have not the slightest doubt. The suppression of infanticide was a far more doubtful experiment. Mr. Oakley, the magistrate of Hooghly, gives it as his decided opinion, that a law for its abolition would be objected to ‘only by the heirs who derive worldly profit from the custom; by Brahmins, who partly exist by it; and by those whose degraded nature leads them to look on so horrid a sacrifice as a highly agreeable and entertaining show.’ The fact is, that its partial prevalence proves that it is not an act insisted upon by the Hindoo religion. A very extensive sect, the *Voishnobs*, frown upon the practice, as do the disciples of Rammohun Roy; and Mr. Townley states, that his Bengalee teacher, a Brahmin of more than ordinary intelligence, frequently expressed his surprise to him, that our Government did not issue an order that no more *suttees* should be permitted, intimating his conviction that no commotion whatever would ensue. And if there did, what has the British Government to fear? The alarms affected in connexion with this subject, are as childish as they are pusillanimous. In no case may the axiom be more safely abided by as absolutely true, that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. Surely, the blood of Hindoo widows will not much longer be suffered to lie at our door.

‘Notwithstanding the Abbé Dubois’ affected apprehension, that “the putting a stop to Suttees by coercion, appears a measure too pregnant with danger to be attempted,” I maintain,” says Mr. Hough, ‘that it would tend to confirm our political power in the East. It might alienate the minds of the interested few who profit by these immolations; but it would conciliate the bulk of the natives, and attach them the more cordially to our Government. Remove every barbarous superstition that paralyses the affections of the soul, and instantly will you perceive the feelings of humanity begin to revive. Each chord about the heart will soon vibrate to the sounds of parental, filial, and fraternal love; and even the Hindoo, no longer a misanthrope, or deaf and blind to the charms of society, shall own and rejoice in the relative ties by which man is bound to man. . . . But how strange is it, that men who can reason so fairly on other subjects, should advance their theories again and again, upon political danger and commotions to be more than apprehended (as they say) from any change that may be attempted in the Hindoos’ practices. The ancient rules for the collection of the Revenues have been changed and modified in innumerable instances. The Revenue officers have been deprived of the judicial power which they had from time immemorial exercised: they have been made amenable to the courts of justice for acts done in their official capacity. The discretionary authority and extensive influence which the great Zemindars or landholders, possessed during the Mahomedan government, are now

completely annihilated, and the greatest land-holder in Bengal possesses no more influence than that of an English gentleman of extensive landed property. Thus the *former customs* have undergone a total alteration to the great benefit of the community at large. So also, in reference to the Hindoos, in 1795, the Government of Bengal put a stop, in the province of Benares, to the Brahmins' establishing *Koorhs*, during which they lacerated their own bodies, threatened to swallow, and sometimes actually swallowed poison; and wounded or killed their female relations or children, on the approach of any person to serve them with any process, or to exercise coercion over them on the part of Government or its delegates. By the same regulation they were forbidden to sit *dhurna* also. To recover a debt, or to extort charity, they were accustomed to take their seat at the person's door of whom the demand was made: provided with some offensive weapon or poison, in order to wound or kill themselves upon any one entering or quitting the house, they sat fasting until their object was attained; and it was considered as equally incumbent on the party who was the occasion of such Brahmin's thus sitting, to abstain from nourishment until the latter were satisfied.'

These are but a few of the innovations upon ancient usages, which the British Government of Bengal has fearlessly introduced without the slightest resistance on the part of the natives. The extension of capital punishments to Brahmins, the abolition of infanticide at Saugur and other places, the prohibition of drowning in the river Jumna, are instances of a still more direct interference with the religious prejudices of the Hindoos. 'Will it be pretended,' asks Mr. Hough, 'that the natives of India are more tenacious of the privilege of destroying helpless widows, than of their natural rights, of long established laws, ancient customs, and prejudices?' It is so pretended, not only by such men as the Abbé Dubois, into whose mouth assertions have been put in direct contradiction to his recorded opinions on this subject in his former work; but, such is the perverting and debasing influence of party spirit, by men of education and intelligence, by the Abbé Dubois's friend the Quarterly Reviewer—who thinks that to stir the question of *suttees* in the East, even in the British parliament, is to endanger an insurrection among the natives! * With such men there is no reasoning.

'Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still.'

Nothing is too extravagant, too absurd for the opponents of Missions to urge in the way of objection or calumny. But

* No. lviii. p. 413.

there is this consolation,—and our Government must be well aware of the fact,—that let the abolition of suttees once pass into a law, and these very objectors will be ready to give their loudest plaudits to the very measure which they now oppose. Just so, those who were, up to the time of the abolition of the slave trade, the most strenuous advocates of that accursed traffic, and the most virulent opponents of the philanthropists, now affect to speak of it with horror, as utterly repugnant to every dictate of humanity. So ‘complicate,’ so ‘wonderful is man!’

Mr. Hough has a very interesting chapter on the means employed by the Roman Catholics for the conversion of the Hindoos. It is replete with historical information, and will shew both how the Jesuits ‘managed matters,’ and the result. That their missions are on the decline, ought to be a subject of fervent thanksgiving. The Abbé Dubois will have done an unintentional service to the cause of Protestantism, by the account he has himself given of the proceedings of the Romish missionaries, which, together with the illustrations furnished in the present volumes, will place in its true light, the unchanged, unchangeable character of Popery. In contrast with their unscriptural policy, their shameful compromise of every thing resembling the pure and undefiled religion of the New Testament*, Mr. Hough mentions a fine anecdote of the admirable Swartz.

‘The late Rev. C. F. Swartz, waiting one morning in the ante-chamber of the palace at Tanjore, for an interview with the Rajah, was thus accosted by a Brahmin, who was attending there for the same purpose. “Mr. Swartz, do you not think it a very bad thing to touch a Pariah?” “O yes,” the venerable Missionary replied, “a very bad thing indeed!” The Brahmin, however, perceiving by his manner of answering, that more was meant than expressed, asked again, “But, Mr. Swartz, what do you mean by a Pariah?” “I mean,” the good man said, “a thief, a liar, a slanderer, a drunkard, an adulterer, a proud man.” “Oh! then,” said the Brahmin, hastily interrupting him, “we are all Pariahs.”’

* One specimen will shew the nature of the whole system. A vehicle resembling Juggernaut’s car, is used at all the principal pagodas in India. It is called the *Rutt*. The Roman Catholics place upon it the image of the Virgin Mary, and draw it round the church, in the same manner as the Hindoos drag their idols round their temples. Mr. Hough once asked a priest on the Coromandel Coast, by what Scriptural authority they performed the ceremony of the *Rutt* and other idolatrous customs. He replied, ‘there is no authority for it in Scripture: but, if you come amongst dogs, you must do as dogs do!’

Our readers will remember, that M. Dubois objects to the distribution of the Bible, because it contains in almost every page, accounts which cannot fail deeply to wound the feelings, and violate the most sacred prejudices of the Hindoo. In particular, the details of the bloody sacrifices prescribed in the Mosaic law, would, he says, give the mild Brahmin a most injurious idea of the Deity as a being whose wrath could only be appeased by the shedding of blood. He would have us believe, that the Brahminical system knows nothing of such sacrifices as religious ceremonies. We have before cited proof to the contrary from his own work; but Mr. Hough mentions a case to the point, of which he was an eye-witness.

'It occurred at Courtallum in the Tinnevelly District. At the conclusion of a festival which had lasted several days, two kids were presented before the Idol: the head of one was severed from its body, and laid upon the altar, with boiled rice, the blossom of the cocoa-nut, flowers, &c. &c. as an offering—not to the mischievous Hindoo Cohly, &c. &c. but, *to the god Ramah!* The second kid was next presented, its ear slit, and then it was suffered to escape. A *holy Brahmin officiated* at this "bloody sacrifice."—So much for M. Dubois's pretence that they will be shocked at the very mention of such a thing in Scripture. The reader will observe the similarity between this and the Levitical ceremony of the scape-goat. I could not ascertain that it bore any reference to this Jewish ordinance; the only reply given to all my inquiries being, "It is our custom"—the Hindoo's general answer to such questions; so little do they know of the origin or signification of their own observances.'

Into the subject of the Oriental Translations, it will not be necessary for us again to enter. Mr. Hough has done us the honour to refer to our former article, and he amply substantiates the statements which are there given relative to the Canarese Version, from his own personal knowledge. He mentions one circumstance, however, of which we were not in possession at the time. It seems that the specimen of Mr. Reeve's Version was sent to the Abbé Dubois among others, and his criticism was invited. Mr. Reeve remained at Madras until answers were received from the several Canarese scholars to whom it was submitted. The greater part of those answers were highly favourable to the Translator and his performance. 'When the Abbé's criticisms were read,' says Mr. Hough, 'Mr. R. replied to many of his objections, in a manner that convinced me at least, and I believe the other members of the Committee, that he was as conversant as M. Dubois with the Canarese language.' The incorrectness of the Abbé's assertions, as well as his utter disingenuousness, is shewn in several other instances. 'I should decline,' says Mr. Hough, 'to

argue thus with a man who could act in so illiberal a manner, were it not that I know that, in certain quarters, deference is paid to any thing the Abbé may advance, without examining into its accuracy.' M. Dubois, we have already seen, objects not to this or that translation merely, but to the Bible itself as unfit for distribution. He more than insinuates that we have no occasion—'probably,' says Mr. H. 'he means no right—to supply the Hindoos with Bibles, until they ask for them. *Did they ask for the Jesuit Missionaries?*' But the fact is, that the Hindoos, as the Writer proceeds to shew, are now in such a state, that they *do* ask for the Bible, which the Romish missionaries systematically withheld. Our readers may be curious to know what sort of composition the Romish missionaries would substitute for the word of God, as more suitable to the Hindoos.

The following extract throws considerable light on the Abbé's biblical criticisms.

'It is possible, however,' says Mr. H., 'that the Abbé Dubois may be induced to admit the propriety of translating the Bible into the Eastern Languages, provided the task be executed in an acceptable manner: for he says, "A Translation of the Holy Scriptures, in order to awaken the curiosity, and fix the attention of the Learned Hindoo, at least as a literary production, ought to be on a level with the Indian performances of the same kind among them, and be composed in fine poetry, a flowery style, and a high stream of eloquence; this being universally the mode in which all Indian performances of any worth are written:" (p. 41.) Then, why have not some of the Jesuit Missionaries performed this work? Perhaps, of all Europeans that ever resided in India, R. C. J. Beschi, *alias* Vira-mâmuni, was the best qualified for such an undertaking. As a Tamul Scholar, he was little inferior to many of the Learned Natives; and his High and Low Tamul Grammars speak loudly in praise of his talents and genius. Why then did he not undertake such a Translation of the Scriptures as the Abbé describes? Probably his Epic Poem, the Temba-vani, was intended, and may by some be thought to supersede the Scripture, as it treats upon Scriptural subjects. It is composed in poetic language, "a flowery style, and a fine stream of eloquence;" and I freely render to it that tribute of commendation, to which, as a literary performance, it is entitled. It abounds also in admirable instruction upon various Sacred topics: but the metaphysical style, and the classical language, in which the Author has clothed his Lessons, have rendered them quite unintelligible to any but the most Learned Hindoos. Very few indeed have I met with that understood the Temba-vani, and never one that derived any spiritual advantage from it. One or two Extracts, if the Reader will have patience to peruse them, will convince him, that the lowest Translation of the plain Text of Scripture is more likely to convert the Hindoos to Christianity than such a substitute as this: edit. 10. nonislausil

I will not insert his description of the Journey of the Holy Family across the Desert, on their return from Egypt; fearing that it will weary the Reader, before he comes to the predictions, which the Saviour is made to utter upon that journey, of several Monks, who, in future ages, would there devote themselves to various mortifications in the cause of virtue.

“When, by the outrageous fury of the passions, the driver had fallen from his seat, Mavavani-muni, having seized and mounted the elephant, which is the body; governing him by the strong hook of resolution, he will bind him to the pillar of constancy by the rope of penance, and fill all heaven with admiration.”

Take another—

“Desirous of obtaining the wealth peculiar to the Kingdom of Heaven, Madittagen, having heaped on the car of unceasing penitence a load of holiness, and yoked to it, as oxen, his body and soul, avoiding the quagmire of sinful desire, he will arrive at salvation.”

A third—

“Having planted the honey-dropping jasmine-vine of perfect virtue; having surrounded it with a hedge of subdued senses, to protect it by penance supported by religion; having let in the water of strict discipline, and spread around it the sand of grace, Asoren will flourish as a garden whose fragrance reacheth to heaven.”

A fourth—

“Blowing the red furnace of penance, and placing therein the iron of the five senses, adding the mercury of bright wisdom, Purodaren poured the pure gold thus obtained into the mould of religion; and, having enchased it with precious jewels, he became an ornament for the breast of the God he adored.”

Will the Reader bear with me, if I add a fifth? It shall be the last. It is upon the Egyptian Mary.

“Though women may inwardly resolve on good or bad, it is difficult for them to persist in their resolution: thus, though Ejesia Marial, overleaping the fence of modesty, had at first plunged into the sea of carnal desire, yet at last, having determined to perform austerities with the purest devotion, she will retire from the world, and long remain here.”

The eye perceives not the colour by which it is darkened; and who are they who see their own faults, apparent to all others? But she, remembering of herself her minutest sins, and borne on the wings of mental resolution, produced by reflecting on the truth she perceived, gave herself up to devotion, covered only by the mantle of female modesty.

On the flying chariot of Desire, she arrived at the Desert of Sin; on the flying chariot of Fear, she repaired to the Mountains of Penitence; on the flying chariot of resplendent Wisdom, she entered the grove of Growing Virtue; and on the flying chariot of My Name, she shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.”

These Extracts are taken from the Notes to the late Mr. Ellis's Translation of the Korell: and though that Gentleman was an admirer

of the talent and genius of Beschi, yet he remarks upon this part of his celebrated Poem, "The tissue of conceits exhibited by these Verses may have been woven for the Poet by the Italian or the Tamul Muse; as both, though they often cull from the rose-bush of Fancy its fairest flowers, are prone, also, to collect the unsubstantial dew-drops glittering on its leaves." pp. 142—147.

After referring to another work of a similar description, Mr. H. adds:

'Were it not that the Temba-vani is, to my own knowledge, more admired by some professed Christians than the Bible itself, I should hardly have thought it worth while to take even this much notice of the work. It exactly corresponds to the description which the Abbé Dubois gives of such a translation as he conceives to be indispensable, in order to render the sacred volume acceptable, or even tolerable to the Hindoos.'

But the Abbé calls for elementary works, knowing at the same time, that the Protestant Missionaries have adopted this method of instruction to a much greater extent than the Jesuits ever did. 'Last year,' says Mr. H., 'the press of the Church Missionary Society alone sent forth 30,000 copies of religious publications.' And every Protestant Mission in India is as well supplied, if not better, with works of the same description. On every point, this unprincipled man's objections and calumnies are met in the most satisfactory manner; but our limits will not allow of our going through the details. Speaking of the success which has already attended the means used by Protestants for the conversion of the Hindoos, Mr. Hough gives a rough statement of the numbers of children in the schools established by the several Societies; from which it appears that there are at least 50,000 children, the major part Heathen, now in the various schools established by Protestants in India. The Abbé asserts, that the Hindoo children go to the schools opened by Europeans, influenced, as their sole motive, by the desire of obtaining a knowledge of the English language,—a very legitimate motive, if it were so; but his accuracy is strikingly shewn by this assertion, when, in point of fact, Mr. Townley says, in nine-tenths of the schools in Bengal, the English language has not been taught! Boys of every caste are admitted into these schools. The Brahmin is classed with the Soodra. 'In one of our schools,' says Mr. Hough, 'there were, at the time of my leaving the district, four Brahmins, six Soodras, two Mussulmans, eight Roman Catholics, one Country-born, and two Pariars.' Of the fifty students on the foundation of the Serampore College, *seven were Brahmins.*

The number of female scholars under education, according to the latest accounts, is no less than 1189.

‘I will not dwell,’ he adds, ‘upon the Native congregations—amounting to about One Hundred and Sixty!—assembled by the Baptist, the Church, the Methodist, the London, the Scottish, and the American, Missionary Societies, in different parts of India, since they do not consist entirely of Christians. I will, however, state, that those Societies can enumerate nearly Three Thousand Converts, who have renounced all their superstitions, have embraced the Christian Faith upon principle, are living according to the Saviour’s commands, and thus adorning their profession in the midst of Idolatry and iniquity. The strictest attention is paid to their moral conduct: and when it is not in conformity with their profession, they are suspended, and denied the privilege of Communion, until the Missionary is satisfied as to the sincerity of their repentance. Many have died in the Faith, and given every proof that Divine Grace had regenerated their hearts.’

Mr. Hough devotes a very interesting chapter to the present state of the Syrian churches in Travancore. We regret that we cannot now advert to this subject, but shall probably avail ourselves of another opportunity. The last chapter contains a manly appeal ‘on the duty and policy of promoting Christianity in India, and the necessity of improving the character of the servants of Government, both European and ‘Native.’ With a passage from this chapter, we must conclude our extracts.

‘The Abbé Dubois..... sounds his note of alarm upon the question; though he must know it to be as “*stale a subject*” as that of burning the Hindoo Widows upon the Funeral Pile.

‘I also beg leave to sound an alarm—though with a very different trumpet. Instead of predicting the ruin of the Honourable the East-India Company’s dominions, as the consequence of Missionary undertakings, I hesitate not to assert, that it were better to abandon all their Eastern acquisitions, than to discourage the propagation of Christianity; or even to stand neuter, and use no means to promote that object, throughout their extensive Empire. A fearful load of responsibility rests upon them! The history of all Nations proves, that every event is under the Almighty’s control. By Him “Nations and Empires rise and fall, flourish and decay.” The triumphs and defeats of armies, unless viewed in connection with the sovereign purposes of God, are of less moment, in His sight, and in that of every wise and good man, than the descent and evaporation of the morning-dew. But when regarded as links in that chain of events upon which the stupendous designs of Jehovah are suspended, they assume an importance, with which no other consideration can invest them. We may instance the successive rise and fall of the Chaldean, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman monarchies; compared with the Sacred Prediction, and

actual accomplishment of designs, which were fulfilled, without the intention, or even knowledge, of the immediate agents employed, by a wise and all-controlling Providence, to carry them into execution ! Let us instance, also, the universal success of the Roman arms in the reign of Augustus, so evidently intended to tranquillize the world, and prepare it for the Advent of the Prince of Peace !' pp. 249—50.

' For what purpose, I ask, has the Almighty conferred upon a Company of British Merchants, a more extensive dominion than any earthly Monarch governs ? Can it be for their personal aggrandizement ?—to enrich our nation, and indulge us with exotic luxuries ? No ; there is not the shadow of a reason to conclude that His object is different from what it has generally been, in permitting one nation to triumph over another. That object is, to prepare a way for the Ambassadors of Peace, and to extend the boundaries and blessings of His Kingdom. To deny this, or to suppose that the case of the British Power in India forms an exception to the Almighty's general design, is to provoke Him to subvert that mighty Empire. We glory in the achievements of our arms : but soon will their splendour be tarnished, soon shall our Indian Possessions be taken from us, and given to a Nation more zealous for the honour of our God, unless we inscribe on our banners, "*Holiness to the Lord*," and follow up our successes by rendering them subservient to the promotion of His glory in the East.

' How vast then, how tremendous, the responsibility of our Indian Government ! I tremble for the mortal that shall presume to endeavour, either to extenuate its magnitude, or, by word or action, to divert the Rulers of our Eastern Empire from discharging that debt which they owe to *The Lord of Hosts* ! He has given them an opportunity to acquire a more splendid renown than ever rewarded the hero of the field. If they avail themselves of it, by diffusing the light of Revelation wherever they bear sway, then, when hereafter they shall see countless myriads flocking from the East to meet the Ransomed from the West, they themselves will enter with the throng into the realms of unfading glory. But, if they use no means to promote this object, still it shall be accomplished—for it is the Almighty's purpose : and He hath declared, " I will work ; and who shall let it (turn it back) ? " " My counsel shall stand ; and I will do all My pleasure. " No hostility or inactivity of man shall prevent the achievement of the Redeemer's triumphs in the East : and if those who are instrumental in effecting those conquests, shall find their future joys proportionably increased, the remorse of every opponent to the work, when he shall witness its completion, can neither be described nor conceived !

' Often has it been objected, that the propagation of Christianity in India is a measure fraught with imminent danger to our Eastern Possessions. Suppose, for the sake of argument, we allow the possibility of the thing : yet will any man, of right understanding, and impressed with a moderate degree of reverence for the authority and holiness of the Supreme Being, urge this as a sufficient reason for the omission of so sacred, so obvious a duty ? Shall secular interests be allowed to stand

in competition with the performance of that duty? No!—Will not such an one say, Let our Indian Empire go to its natural owners, to any one, rather than retain it on condition that we withhold therefrom the Light of Revelation, and thereby incur the Almighty displeasure!—What is the wealth of the Indies, without the favour of God?—we should soon find it more worthless than dross. If, in order to preserve our Eastern Dominions, we deny to the millions of our Indian Subjects, that “Light” which was revealed for *the express purpose of enlightening the Gentiles*—the God who has bestowed upon us the vast continent of Hindoostan, may soon be provoked to recal that costly acquisition.

“An able officer, already named, (Sir John Malcolm) argues, upon principles not dissimilar, for the diffusion of “knowledge and truth” throughout our Indian Possessions. He says, at the conclusion of the work above quoted—“The relation of the Natives of India to the English is that of a conquered people to its conquerors. Since we have obtained sovereignty over them, we have greatly ameliorated their condition; and all rational means have been employed to promote their happiness, and to secure to them the benefits of good government. By premature efforts to accelerate the progress of the blessings it is our hope to impart, we shall not only hasten our own downfall, but replunge the Natives of India into a state of greater anarchy and misery than that from which we relieved them. Let us, therefore, calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases—for cease it must (though probably at a remote period), as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge!—we shall, as a Nation, have the proud boast, that we have preferred the civilization to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a Moral Monument, more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed!”

The testimony of M. Dubois has been considered as entitled to attention, because, after living so many years in India, and living, in fact, as a Hindoo, he has grown tired of that mode of life, and forsaken the country in disgust. Surely the public will think that at least an equal degree of attention is due to the testimony of two individuals, who, after labouring for several years in the field of missionary exertion, are about voluntarily to resume the work. The Abbé asserts, that all missionaries who have come to India for the purpose of making proselytes, have been deceived, disappointed,—all their labours have terminated in nothing. If he speaks of the Romish missionaries, we rejoice that this is the case. If he means his assertion to be understood of Protestant missionaries, it is a gross, wicked, and wilful untruth. Mr. Hough, should his health be re-established, will return, we believe, to the sphere of his former labours. Mr. Townley, though he embarked in the work for the limited term of five years, and might now with honour retreat, has tendered his services to the London

Missionary Society for a second term. The latter gentleman declares, that, in all his intercourse with various missionaries of different Protestant denominations in Bengal, he never met with one whose sentiments underwent the change which the Abbé has untruly asserted. Should it be illiberally suspected, that pride and tenacity prevent the missionaries from making avowal of such a change of sentiment, there are cases at hand, respecting which there is no room for the suspicion. Mr. Townley refers to two instances of Europeans, who, in India, have deliberately given themselves up to the work of missionaries among the Hindoos, after a residence among them of many years. The individuals in question had, he states, lived for years in the midst of the Hindoos, before they formed the design of becoming preachers to the natives. They had enjoyed ample opportunities of minutely examining all that was transacting with reference to the Missions; and the result was, the full conviction, upon which they have acted, that the conversion of the Hindoos is practicable, and that the cause against which M. Dubois is impiously and impotently fighting, is the cause of God. As to the estimable Missionaries with whom this worthy emissary of a corrupt and apostate Church is brought more immediately into contact—and we desire no finer contrast than is presented by their respective characters—our confidence, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, is strengthened by the consideration, that they are returning, if it be the will of the Supreme Arbiter of events, to devote themselves afresh to the work of the evangelist. Such are the labourers whom we pray the Great Master to raise up and send into his vineyard. We are glad to have made acquaintance with them by means of these publications, which do equal honour to their excellent spirit and their heroic zeal. They are returning to wrestle, not with such puny adversaries as flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and wicked spirits, in that which has till recently been their almost undisputed territory. But they have chosen “the sword of the Spirit” for their weapon; they go forth “strong in the Lord and in the power of his might;” and they shall inherit the blessing and the joy ensured “to him that overcometh.”

Art. VI. *Travels through Part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819.* By John M. Duncan, A.B. 2 vols. post 8vo. Price 16s. Glasgow, 1823.

WE know almost as much about America as travellers can tell us, and Dr. Dwight's four bulky octavo volumes are a continent of information, vast, unattractive, motley, strange, yet intrinsically and soberly important as the country they describe. We have had report upon report for the information of those persons in this country, who wished to ascertain which part of the land of freedom was the freest, which prairie was the most paradisiacal. But the Americo-mania has passed away: and with it will pass, we trust, much of the feverish jealousy and splenetic feeling which, by a sort of re-action, resulted from it. When this factitious interest has subsided, there will remain abundant sources of permanent interest, in the commercial relations and growing political importance of the American nations. It is with the people, rather than with the country, that we are anxious to become better acquainted; and we can learn what they are, and what they are capable of, only from their own productions and achievements. It is a recommendation, however, of these well-written and entertaining volumes, that the Writer has directed his chief attention to the literary and religious characteristics of the people of the United States. This is the sort of information which, for our own parts, we deem most valuable; and though much of the ground over which Mr. Duncan travels, is as beaten a track as the road from Edinburgh to London, we will not complain of the work as superfluous, since it contains much sensible remark and specific information.

Mr. Duncan landed at New York, and to New York he conducts us at the close of his second volume, having, in the interim, visited Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Albany, the Lakes, Montreal, and Quebec. The general result of his observations is contained in the following paragraph.

“Before quitting this land of freedom, it is fitting perhaps that I should say something as to the kind of liberty which it enjoys. Much, however, does not remain to be said on this subject. We are all aware that, for white men, it is the freest country on the face of the earth, both in a civil and a religious point of view. The people are here, beyond all question, more distinctly recognised as the source of power, than even in our highly favoured land. I doubt, however, very much, whether this is not carried to an extreme which is likely to be one day inconsistent with the real dignity and prosperity of the country.....

'The two most formidable evils with which America has to contend, are negro slavery and universal suffrage.'

A strange classification this! Who would have dreamed of having these two 'evils' brought thus into juxtaposition? In other words, the dangers of America arise, it seems, half from too much freedom, and half from too little. What will our Reformers say to having their favourite *panacea* ranked with negro slavery, among the greatest of political evils? But let us hear our Author's explanation of the position.

'Till slavery is got rid of, its demoralizing influence will be every day extending itself; nor is it easy to see how the slave-holding States can possibly expect, long to escape the horrors of a negro insurrection. The black population, it is well ascertained, is increasing in a quicker ratio than the white; and in some of the States, the latter are actually beginning to outnumber the former. The history of St. Domingo should not be forgotten by the free citizens.

'Liberal opinions can never exist, much less flourish, in the breast of slave-holders. They may be violent republicans to those who aspire to a superiority over them, but they will ever be relentless tyrants to every one who in any way falls under their power. They may themselves throw off the yoke of a master, but the result will be improved to confirm to themselves more absolute sway. They may esteem liberty sweet, but they will also think it far too sweet to be tasted by those who are below them. A British Duke has much more in him of true republican principle, than an American planter. The nobleman knows experimentally, that his station in society is altogether conventional; and that with all his ribands and his stars, the lowest of his footmen cannot be detained one hour in service beyond what he himself agrees to, nor subjected to a single indignity but at the peril of him who offers it. Cart-whips and branding-irons form no part of the machinery by which his household is swayed.

'Slave-holders, in short, can never in their general character be otherwise than detrimental to the true dignity and prosperity of any country. They cannot appreciate the value of equal laws, and therefore cannot be supposed capable of either making or administering them. The miserable creatures whom they hold in control, in place of strengthening the body politic, increase its weakness and its danger, in geometrical proportion to their increase in numbers. They operate also as an immense mound erected to oppose the progress of knowledge and religion. "I could wish," said a Virginian to me, "that we were rid of our slaves; but while they are slaves, our own safety requires that they should be kept in ignorance." The position is false, as the fruits of the labours of missionaries in the West Indies have proved; but supposing it to be true, how horrible is the idea! It is impossible that a nation can ever attain to true greatness, where such a sentiment is to any considerable extent prevalent: accidental circumstances may

elevate it to a temporary degree of influence in the political world, but there is a rottenness at the heart which will sooner or later be its ruin.

But even were slavery abolished to-morrow, throughout the whole of the country, the effects of it would not disappear for generations to come. It has already produced a feeling towards the blacks, which is of too inveterate a kind to be easily or speedily removed. They would still be regarded as a degraded race, and still excluded from a reciprocation of those kind offices which form the cement of society. It must be an appalling thing, that between a body of men so numerous as they are, and the rest of the community, there should be no connecting tie of reciprocal good-will, no probable means of thorough amalgamation.

Vol. II. pp. 332—5.

These remarks are very clear, and very just. Now for the other 'evil.'

'The other great obstacle to the prosperity of the American nation, universal suffrage, will not exhibit the full extent of its evil tendency for a long time to come; and it is possible that ere that time, some antidote may be discovered, to prevent or alleviate the mischief which we might naturally expect from it. It does however seem ominous of evil, that so little ceremony is at present used with the constitutions of the various States. The people of Connecticut, not contented with having prospered abundantly under their old system, have lately assembled a convention, composed of delegates from all parts of the country, in which the former order of things has been condemned entirely, and a completely new constitution manufactured; which, among other things, provides for the same process being again gone through, as soon as the *profanum vulgus* takes it into its head to desire it. A sorry legacy the British Constitution would be to us, if it were at the mercy of a meeting of delegates, to be summoned whenever a majority of the people take a fancy for a new one; and I am afraid that if the Americans continue to cherish a fondness for such repairs, the highlandman's pistol, with its new stock, lock, and barrel, will bear a close resemblance to what is ultimately produced. This is universal suffrage in its most pestilential character.' pp. 335, 6.

It is some consolation to find that this other evil is only an evil in the future tense,—an about-to-become an evil; till which long time to come, it may possibly be a benefit. We submit whether such a problematical mischief ought to have been classed with one of so active and pestilential a character as negro slavery. Universal suffrage involves no violation of any moral or religious principle: there is nothing iniquitous in a man's being allowed a voice in the election of his representatives. The system of the Scotch Boroughs may be wiser, more convenient and compact; it takes things more out of the hands of the *profanum vulgus*; but still, it must not be expected that that system should, any more than the Solemn

League and Covenant, be viewed with the same veneration out of Scotland, that they command in that part of the united empire. There is, moreover, no Scriptural authority that we are aware of, either for or against the one constitution or the other; and therefore, though we have no wish to see universal suffrage introduced into our own country, we do not feel at liberty to denounce it as an evil of so portentous a character, in the United States, as to be classed only with the greatest of political crimes—slavery.

On the subject of American literature, Mr. Duncan, after remarking that various theories have been proposed to account for the comparative scantiness of original compositions, and the general inferiority of much that has been written, offers the following explanation.

‘ The fact is sufficiently accounted for by the state of the country, as a young and a rising one, offering more encouragement to commercial and agricultural adventure, than to literary and philosophical pursuits; and probably this kind of mental tutelage has existed longer than its natural time, from the influence of a hereditary disposition in the natives to look elsewhere for their literature. Those who were disposed to write, felt a misgiving in their hearts as to their own strength, and allowed their powers to be deadened by a chilling awe of foreign criticism. Those again who were to purchase their writings, felt no confidence in literary productions of domestic origin; they did not expect much, and they were slow to admit the existence of even moderate excellence. Every vessel from Liverpool brings an importation of new authors, which the accommodating booksellers immediately transmute from a costly into a cheap form, and a torrent of British authors, of legally accredited talent, deluges the land, and carries with it the minds and the partialities of the multitude.’ p. 298.

‘ There is abundance of talent in the country, conversational, oratorical, and professional; there is widely diffused a great amount of general information, and its inseparable attendant, a desire to acquire more; there is much purity of moral sentiment, and much sterling religious principle; there is a fair proportion of classical learning, and a still larger share of scientific knowledge;—these are the very elements of literature, even of the highest order, and although they may slumber unseen and unheard of for a time, the connexion of cause and effect must cease, if they do not ultimately blaze forth in enduring brilliancy.

‘ The powerful aid of periodical criticism will not be wanting; and who can calculate what that mighty engine has wrought in Britain? It has drawn forth latent talent, it has encouraged and rewarded timid worth, it has spread a taste for reading and a taste for philosophizing, and it has infused a literary spirit into thousands who knew not its inspiration; it has at the same time checked presumption, exposed ignorance, and punished folly; and although these beneficial effects have

not been produced without a good deal of concomitant mischief, and sometimes cases of cruel individual injustice, yet no one can dispassionately estimate the relative amounts, without at once confessing that the good has far outweighed the evil.

'The North American Review is slowly but gradually working its way into the favour of the reading public; and beyond a doubt, it will do much to change the aspect of literary affairs. I do not indeed go the length of a gentleman of Boston, who in conversing with me on the subject prophesied, that 'in less than two years, at least two thousand copies of it would be sold in Britain;' yet should its present promise not be falsified, this may in all probability one day be the case, for I doubt not that a taste for American books will gradually arise among my countrymen, just as a taste for English books has long existed here.

'I have noticed the Scientific Journal which has been lately begun, under the editorial care of Professor Silliman of Yale College; and when we reflect on the immense field which this wonderful country opens up to geological research, and the abundant scope which it affords for the investigation of phenomena in earth and air and sea; when we take into account the progress of medical science in America, and the important discoveries which have been made in the mechanical and useful arts,—we cannot doubt that under such an editor, the work must be both a prosperous and an interesting one. It augurs well for it, that though the second Number is but just published, the first has already gone out of print.' pp. 300—304.

Mr. Duncan devotes a letter to 'New York clergymen,' the relative numbers of the various religious sects, and other matters ecclesiastical, in which will be found much interesting information. He has given a very detailed account of the American Universities and the system of education pursued in them. 'Were we,' he says, 'to institute a comparison between American and Scotch University education, the result would not, I believe, be in every respect favourable to ourselves.' He proceeds to point out the essential difference between them, in the instance of Yale College as compared with Glasgow, giving the preference on many points to the former. The cabinet of minerals attached to this College is the finest in America, and is said to be surpassed by few in Europe. It possesses a library of nearly 8000 volumes, and a valuable philosophical apparatus. But the penny-wisdom of Franklin, which infects the whole system of American policy, crippling alike the Government and every liberal institution, renders Yale College almost totally dependent on the fluctuating prosperity of agriculture and trade. From this college proceeds the American Journal of Science, edited by Professor Silliman; a work of a highly respectable character. But the first literary journal in the

United States, is, beyond all comparison, Mr. Duncan states, the *North American Review*, edited by Professor Everett of Harvard University. From this Journal he has given very copious extracts in the form of Notes, which will probably waken a curiosity in his readers to see more of a work which does so much credit to the talent of its Conductors.

If the Americans are not a literary people, they manifest a sufficient eagerness of curiosity respecting some descriptions of works. The following statement of 'Despatch in printing,' surpasses, we believe, any thing that has been achieved in this country, even by Sir R. Phillips himself, in the days of his publishing glory.

'The new novel, *Peveril of the Peak*, was received from England in New York, on Monday at 10 A.M. and was printed, published, and sold on Tuesday, within 28 hours after the same was received. Another English copy of the same work was received per the Custom House, New York, at 12 o'clock on Wednesday; at one o'clock was forwarded to Philadelphia by the mail; in Philadelphia, it was printed on Thursday; and on Friday, 2000 copies were put in boards, by six o'clock in the morning. The English copy of Moore's *Loves of the Angels* was taken out of the Custom House in New York on a Monday, in February last, at 11 o'clock, A.M.; was immediately sent to Philadelphia, and 250 copies of the work, printed, were received at New York on Thursday following by eight o'clock A.M., and the same copies were sold and circulated that afternoon.'

Art. VII. *Biography of celebrated Roman Characters*: with numerous Anecdotes, illustrative of their Lives and Actions. By the Rev. William Bingley, M.A. F.L.S. With a brief Account of the Author's Life and Writings, and an Appendix on Roman Literature. Designed for the Use of young Persons. 12mo. pp. xxiv. 348. Price 7s. London, 1824.

THE Lives in this neatly-written volume are those of Numa Pompilius, L. J. Brutus, P. V. Publicola, Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, Camillus, Fabius Maximus, Marcellus, Scipio Africanus, T. Q. Flaminius, Cato the Censor, Paulus Æmilius, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, Caius Marius, Sylla, Metellus, Quintus Sertorius, Cato the Younger, Cicero, Regulus, and Julius Cæsar. As a work designed for young persons, in which much research was not to be expected, we may recommend it as comprising in a brief and popular form, the most interesting portions of the Roman story. It will, we think, be very acceptable in schools as a prize book. The Author did not live to carry the volume through the press.

The "Brief Account" of Mr. Bingley's various publications,

exhibits him as an industrious and meritorious literary workman. All his compilations are of a useful description, and most of them are deservedly popular. His "Animal Biography" has reached a *sixth* edition. A third edition has appeared of his "Useful Knowledge, or a familiar Account of the various Productions of Nature, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal, which are chiefly employed for the Use of Man:" in 3 vols. 12mo. This is, perhaps, his most valuable work, and deserves a place in every young person's library, as a useful compendium of much accurate and entertaining information. The "Biographical Conversations" on British Characters, Eminent Voyagers, and Celebrated Travellers, which form three small volumes, have been favourably received: we do not, however, consider the plan of breaking up biographical memoirs into conversations, a judicious one; nor is the style in which these conversations are supported, of so superior a description as to reconcile us to the defects of the plan. The "Modern Travels" is a much more useful compilation. It comprises an abridged account of some of the most popular works of modern travellers, arranged in geographical order, and interspersed with illustrative remarks and observations. The work extends to six volumes duodecimo, two being devoted to Europe, two to America, one to Africa, and one to Asia. The Author's professed design, in these volumes, is, 'to allure young persons to a study of Geography.' Whether they are adapted to have this effect or not, (and we are not very favourable to the plan of alluring young persons to studies of any kind,) they present in a small compass, a great deal of interesting matter relating to the habits, customs, and productions of foreign countries; and though hastily got up, and by no means of a scientific cast, will answer the purpose of entertaining and instructive reading for young persons.

Art. VIII. *A Sabbath among the Mountains.* A Poem in two Parts. 12mo. pp. 46. Edinburgh. 1823.

WE have read this poem with much pleasure, and we believe we have few readers whom it will not please. It is not a first-rate production, but the theme itself, the feeling with which it is treated, the picturesque images which are called up by the description, and the admirable sentiments of which the poem is made the vehicle, unite at once to disarm criticism and to give it a stronger claim on our notice than many publications of larger dimensions. We subjoin a short extract as a specimen.

A Sabbath among the Mountains.

' Fair was the morning, and the sun had shed
 The light of Sabbath on the mountain head—
 A beam to warm, not scorch—a soften'd ray,
 Serenely mild, befitting well the day.
 A radiant mantle o'er the earth was roll'd
 Of ether-thread, in many a graceful fold—
 The emerald blending with the golden hue—
 Ample, and rich, and diamonded with dew.
 Still was the hour, there was no wind awake
 Upon the bright blue waters of the lake,
 Unruffled, save by the small circling ring
 Where fishes leap, and seamew dips his wing.

' The mountaineer had marked the matin bell
 Chime from the spire that overlooks the dell,
 Where up the sunny slope, the church was seen,
 Like a star twinkling through the foliage green.
 Oh! there is something in that simple note,
 Sweet to the dweller of the lonely cot,
 Who, stretch'd at ease, beneath the garden thorn,
 Hears it from far proclaim the Sabbath morn;
 From toil it calls him by a flowery road,
 To heaven's assembly—to the courts of God—
 The boon that he bestows on man the best—
 Joy to the wretched—to the weary rest.
 Lone sorrow hails the hour with happy tears,
 And earth evanishes as heaven appears.
 The poor man's troubles then a while depart,
 There is a Sabbath quiet in his heart;
 'Tis then religion sweetens nature's ties,
 Then are his children dearest in his eyes;
 Then friendship holiest, then is wedded love
 The sacred glow of kindred saints above.
 Then in his cot an emblem you may see,
 Of Eden lost, and Paradise to be.

' In simple garb the children are in view,
 In Sabbath brightness, fresh as morning dew,
 And fondly circle round the father's knee,
 Like clustering roses, beautiful to see,
 And musically murmur at the task,
 That Scottish parents of their children ask.
 'Tis from the sacred volume that they read,
 Words that to heaven their tender spirits lead—
 That book of which the knowledge is their pride—
 Their youth's companion, and their manhood's guide—
 The book they read in childhood's sunny hour—
 That they shall read, when age's clouds shall lower—
 When knees are feeble, and when locks are grey,
 Eyes dim, and life is fading fast away—
 The book that did their youthful hearts inspire,
 Shall lend life's dying lamp a kindly fire.

' The psalm is sung, in music of the heart,
That science cannot reach, nor skill impart—
Nature's sweet melody to Scotland given—
One of the inspiring airs that breathe of heaven,
That stir the spirit on her native strand,
But overpower it in a foreign land.

' Kneeling with simple, but with solemn air,
They humbly pour their souls to God in prayer,
Confess their sins to Him the heart who knows,
And pardon on the penitent bestows ;
With suppliant voice to Him prefer their needs,
Who framed the stars, and the young raven feeds,
Breathe the sweet incense of pure gratitude,
For ills escaped, and undeserved good.
Prayer is the poor man's glory and his gain,
The oblivion of his cares, and rest from pain,
His guiding star, the anchor of his soul
When the wind beats, and stormy billows roll,
Strength to his spirit mid exhausting strife—
A drop of water from the well of life.
The proud may spurn him, and false friends desert,
God makes his temple in the contrite heart.' pp. 11—14.

Art. IX. *Exercises for the Young, on Important Subjects in Religion*: containing brief Views of some of the leading Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. By the Rev. John Brown, D.D. Minister of Langton, Berwickshire. 18mo. pp. 198. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh. 1824.

THESE 'Exercises' are part of a little system of religious truth, drawn up by the Author for the instruction of the more advanced pupils of the Langton Sabbath School. They consist of passages of Scripture, arranged in the manner of proofs in a catechism, under fifty-two heads, with short declaratory statements in lieu of questions and answers. Critical Notes are occasionally subjoined to the texts cited, in reply to the false glosses which have been put upon them by the Socinians and others. We have no doubt that the work will be found useful as an outline of the Christian system, which it may be a useful exercise to the student or the teacher, himself to fill up and illustrate.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, and will be published early next month, handsomely printed in 4to. at the Cambridge University Press, Vol. I. (price 1l. 4s.) of Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon to the Books of the Old Testament, including the Geographical Names, and Chaldaic Words, in Ezra and Daniel; translated into English from the German, by Christopher Leo, formerly Teacher of German and Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and now Professor of German at the Royal Military College, Bagshot. The philological labours of William Gesenius, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle, in Prussia, but especially his profound knowledge of the oriental languages, are so well known and appreciated in this country, as to render the speedy publication of his Hebrew Lexicon in an English dress a matter of congratulation to all who have devoted themselves to the study of the Scriptures, on account of the valuable assistance to be derived from it. This Lexicon is the first, in which the alphabetical arrangement of the words has been adopted, and that alone would give it a decided superiority over all that have preceded it. The Translator has spared no pains to do justice to the work; he has everywhere verified the citations with the passages referred to, and thereby been enabled to correct the errors which had crept into the original; and he has also made such additions as appeared to him to be necessary. To the liberality of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, the Translator is indebted for the means of prosecuting a work of such utility, and for the moderate price at which it is offered to the Public. The Second Volume is proceeding, and will appear with as little delay as possible.

On the 1st of June will be published, Part I. in imp. 4to. with descriptive letter-press, price 7s. sewed, or with the Views coloured after Nature, price 10s. 6d. to be completed in 12 Monthly Parts, of Views in Australia. Each Part will contain Four Views,—two subjects of the most interesting and pleasing Scenes in New South Wales, and Two in Van Dieman's Land; with an exact and faithful Description of each View, its Situation, Soil, Trees, Botanical Productions, &c. &c. The principal Settlements of each Colony, Rivers, Moun-

tains, Plains, Lakes, &c. &c. will be displayed with the utmost accuracy. The whole of the Views are taken from Nature, upon the spot, by an Artist who was resident in the Colonies upwards of ten years, and during that time employed by the late Governor as his artist; consequently he had the best opportunities of selecting the most picturesque and interesting subjects for the pencil, with which those countries so amply abound.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Letters in Rhyme*, from a Mother at Home, to Her Daughters at School. In a neat pocket volume. Also, *Tales from afar*. By a Country Clergyman. one vol. 12mo.

Mr. W. A. Hails, of Newcastle upon Tyne, has ready for the press, *Remarks on Volney's Ruins of Empires*, to be dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. David's. These Remarks, it is hoped, will supply what has long been considered a desideratum, a regular reply to the sophisms of that daring and popular writer.

Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart. is preparing a short Treatise, endeavouring to point out the conduct by which Trustees will be exposed to liability.

Mr. Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnean Society, has been a long time engaged in the second volume of his splendid work, a Description of the Genus Pinus, which is expected to appear in the course of the Month.

This Work consists of Plates, and Descriptions of Species of the Genus entirely new, and the most magnificent hitherto discovered; which, as they will bear the Climate of this Country, they cannot fail to be an important acquisition to the Parks and Plantations, both in usefulness and ornament. Besides the Genus Pinus, it includes likewise Descriptions of many other New Species of the Family of Coniferae.

Mr. J. P. Wood has nearly ready for publication, in one vol. 12mo. a *Life of Law of Lauriston*, Projector of the Mississippi Scheme: containing a detailed Account of the Nature, Rise, and Progress, of this extraordinary Joint Stock Company, with many curious Anecdotes of the Rage for Speculating in its Funds, and the disastrous Consequences of its Failure.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ASTRONOMY.

An Introduction to Practical Astronomy; containing tables, recently computed, for facilitating the reduction of celestial observations, and a popular explanation of their construction and use. By the Rev. W. Pearson, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Treasurer to the Astronomical Society of London. Vol. I. royal 4to. 3l. 3s. boards.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. In which are included, the Life of his Brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M. and memoirs of their family: comprehending an account of the great revival of religion, in which they were the first and chief instruments. By the Rev. Henry Moore, only surviving Trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS. In two vols. Vol. I. 10s. 6d.

Biography of celebrated Roman Characters: with numerous anecdotes, illustrative of their lives and actions. By the Rev. William Bingley, M.A. F.L.S. (with Plates.) 12mo. 7s.

The Life of Shakspeare; enquiries into the originality of his dramatic plots and characters, and essays on the ancient theatres and theatrical usages. By Augustine Skottowe, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

EDUCATION.

Questions on Herodotus. 1s.

Questions on Thucydides. 1s.

Questions adapted to Aldrich's Logic. 1s.

The Christian Father's Present to his Children. By J. A. James. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing Boy's Album; containing contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, in prose and verse. Arranged by James Montgomery, and illustrated with designs by Cruikshank. Dedicated, by the most gracious permission, to His Majesty. In 1 vol. 12mo. 9s.

Clark's Myriorama, Second Series, consisting entirely of Italian Scenery, and capable of a greater number of changes than the former series. 1l. 4s. in an elegant box.

VOL. XXII. N. S.

The Manners, History, Literature, and Works of Art of the Romans, explained and illustrated; No. I. (containing 32 pages of letter-press, and eight Lithographic Drawings,) being the commencement of a Classical Cyclopædia, intended to present, in a neat and cheap form, the substance of what is at present spread over works of great extent, rarity, and value, illustrative of the manners, &c. of the celebrated nations of antiquity. 8vo. 1s.

The Economy of the Eyes. Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight. Plain Rules which will enable all to judge exactly when, and what spectacles are best calculated for their eyes, &c. &c. By William Kitchiner, M.D. 12mo. 7s.

PHILOLOGY.

A Grammatical Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Greek Languages. Translated from the modern Greek of M. Jules David, late of the Greek College of Scio. By John Mitchell. 12mo. 8s.

The Italian Interpreter, consisting of Copious and Familiar Conversations, on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian; to which is added in a separate column, the exact mode of Pronunciation, on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian Language. By S. A. Bernardo. 6s. 6d. half-bound.

A Philological Grammar of the English Language; in a series of lessons. Containing many original and important observations on the nature and construction of language; on the comparative merits of more than one hundred treatises on English Grammar; on the various new and popular modes of teaching; and on the necessity of examining the principles of grammars and grammarians. By Thomas Martin, Master of the National School, Birmingham. 12mo. 6s.

POETRY.

Poetic Vigils. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. 8s.

Conrad, and other Poems. By a Graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. fcap 8vo. 5s.

The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. By R. Sullivan. fcap. 8vo. 5s.

H

CORRESPONDENCE.

The somewhat unusual and inconvenient length of the following letter of complaint, or rather of reproof, from the Author of the tract entitled "Professional Christianity," has made us hesitate whether to give it entire. In suppressing some passages, we should, possibly, have consulted the Writer's credit as much as our own convenience. But to prevent all suspicion of unfairness, we have determined to give the complainant whatever benefit he may derive from an appeal to our readers, without alteration or abridgement, though we cannot let it pass without comment.

We regret that we were unable to make room for it in our last Number. The article in question appeared in the Eclectic Review for April.

Mr. Editor,

My attention was lately called to the April number of your Eclectic Review, by a note from a highly respectable clergyman, of my acquaintance, informing me that he had just seen in it "a very ill natured and most unjust review" of a small publication of mine entitled "Professional Christianity;" and stating his belief that "some hair-brained doctor had got the intemperate article introduced stung with my Christian fidelity;"—and more recently another venerable and judicious clerical friend who had perused my work with approbation, has dropped me a note of a similar nature. On reading over the Review alluded to, I do perceive that it is far from giving to your readers a just representation of the general tendency of my publication:—on the contrary, its Author has confined himself to the business of arraigning my motives, and taking hold of a few detached passages as a basis on which to found conclusions and consequences quite opposite from the scope of my argumentation, and intersperses among his remarks a general and sweeping condemnation of the whole production evidently and directly for the purpose of misleading your readers, and representing my little work as really so crude, libellous, and injudicious, as to be unworthy of their notice.

Where I am conscious of rectitude of intention, and see my way clearly to be consonant with the unerring principles of truth, I am not much given to yield deference to the opposing opinions of others whomsoever;—much less to tremble and vacillate under the paw of malicious and merciless criticism. Such a bug-bear would have no more influence in diverting my purpose from a pursuit in which my judgement led me to believe I might be useful, than a nursery hobgoblin. Accordingly had the notice of "Professional Christianity" in question appeared under a less respectable cover than that of the Eclectic Review, I should have met it with the silence it merits; but issuing as it does before the public under your sanction, I cannot acquit myself of the respect due to you and to your readers, were I to withhold a reply; and I am sure I pay nothing more than a just tribute to your candour and impartiality as an Editor, when I solicit of you as an act of justice to myself, the favour of inserting these remarks.

* 1. Your Reviewer commences and concludes his strictures on "Professional Christianity," by impugning the Author's motives. Your readers, however, do not require to be told how unusual a course this is on the part of a reviewer, and how inconsistent with common candour not to say Christian charity. Is it fair to urge any charge against the motives of an Author unwarranted by the obvious tendency of his production and the consonancy of his views with principle? In the present case, the only just standard of principle is the word of God. By this criterion, let my pamphlet and his review stand or fall in the eye of every discerning and Christian reader of your journal. I shall be content with their award, and if a single sentiment expressed by me is shewn to be inconsistent with Scripture, I, on my part, shall publicly renounce it.

* 2. To justify my motives would ill become me. To insinuate that they are pure, would display a lamentable ignorance of my own heart. But of this I am sure, that in exact proportion as I am regulated by scriptural influence, so will my motives depart more and more from the characteristics of a worldly, selfish, or otherwise degrading principle; and from thence I draw the conclusion, that while the Scriptures continue true,—and human nature continues depraved,—so will the motives in every other human breast be purified and elevated, or contaminated and degraded as they correspond with, or diverge from Scripture.—*Verbum sat sapienti.*

* 3. If your reviewer has judged me uncharitably in this respect, recrimination would, in any view, ill become me; but especially as he relieves me from all ground of complaint by the admission, "How excellent soever may be the Writer's intentions." For this meagre morsel of approval, I would thank him, were it not that the direct self-contradiction it implies, neutralizes all its value. How he can consistently admit that my motives "may be excellent," and yet expect me to be "heartily ashamed," especially "of having thought to recommend myself by libelling my profession," and affecting a zeal which he asserts to be "not according to knowledge," I cannot perceive. How again, after admitting that he "is at a loss to conjecture what motive can have prompted me," &c. he can take it upon him immediately thereafter, so directly to charge my motives, is another inconsistency your readers will probably expect his ingenuity to reconcile as a matter of curiosity. I can only assure him for my part, that the next time I think proper to appear in the press, I shall not be very solicitous what motives are ascribed to me by such a Reviewer as he has shewn himself to be.

* 4. My style.—Your Reviewer designates it a "strange rhapsody," "bombastical," "an exaggeration or rather a burlesque of Mr. Irving." I shall be quite content your readers consult the work itself on this point; at any rate they will perceive there is not much in the quotations adduced to justify these epithets. Nothing is more easy than to apply epithets, and in the present case, nothing would be more silly than to rebut them.

* 5. My matter.—On this point our reviewer is particularly violent. We would ask him, why so intemperate? Is he an advocate for

Christianity in medical men as he insinuates by the very slovenly admission of its importance; "there can be no doubt that the pious physician has frequent opportunities of being useful to the souls as well as bodies of his patients." If so, his whole objections to my production apply only to my mode of treating the subject: he is my friend at bottom, and we are both pointing towards the same end. Why then adduce so much acrimony and invective to separate us asunder when a few temperate and candid remarks might shew a better mode of advocating the common cause, and unite us as brethren? If my production is likely to "prejudice the cause it advocates," is the present review of it intended to promote the cause? Then I fear it is not written in a manner well calculated to carry these intentions into effect. I could with patience see my own performance proved to be crude, jejune, and injudicious, if a more matured and efficient were substituted. But when it is merely asserted to be such by a writer who contradicts himself almost in every sentence, and when that writer betrays the most palpable inconsistencies in thinking as well as in expression, I am almost ashamed of myself for noticing his strictures.

'Till I am apprized also whether he is an advocate or an opponent of "Professional Christianity," (a point rendered extremely equivocal by the present review in the most charitable view of it,) much time might be wasted in controversy to no purpose. I shall therefore only recommend a few of the positions adduced by our Reviewer to his more mature consideration,—in the expectation that he will see the necessity for at least thinking consistently himself, before he administers counsel or reproof to others.

'1. Your Reviewer first objects to my mode of accounting for what he admits to be "the prevailing infidelity among medical men," and after quoting me at some length, very courteously adds, "this is not true,"—and a train of similar assertions. For the purpose of controverting my position, he farther indulges in a series of remarks, which, had he duly adverted to the two first lines of his quotation of me, would have appeared to himself so inapplicable as to have been entirely spared. Like a true materialist, he refers all uneasy feelings at the first spectacles of mortality, to the physical effect on the stomach of the student. But as my qualifying clause in commencement limited my remarks only to those students who enter the dissecting room "with serious impressions respecting their own future destiny," i. e. with a conscience in a state of sensibility, he will see that mere physical sensations it was not my object to notice. However new my account of the matter may be to him, I have had too many opportunities of witnessing the same melancholy course from serious feeling to confirmed apathy in reiterated drafts of students for a succession of years to be disconcerted by collision of ideas on the subject, and however monstrous the conclusions may be to which it leads, it is too deeply founded in human nature to be controverted.

'Our reviewer's principal argument in overturning my position is the singular assertion: "The fact is notorious that there are even of the first eminence in the profession who are neither infidels nor men of decided piety." A moment's further reflection, however, would have enabled him to perceive, that his authority on this point

is directly pitted against the authority of the revealed word of God. We are there informed, in the most plain terms, that there is in fact no possibility of such a middle state as he contends for. For either a man must be "decidedly pious," i. e. a sincere believer in the sacred scripture, or an unbeliever, in other words an infidel; and if it be true, which our Saviour so explicitly and forcibly declares, that "*whosoever believeth not is condemned already*," what estimate shall we form of the condition of those "eminent men in the profession who are not men of decided piety." If it be also a necessary consequence, that he who believeth not the word of God maketh God a liar, what is the correct inference to be drawn respecting those medical students who "receive not the Gospel." However tender particular individuals may feel on this point, & for one believe it to be consistent with eternal truth; and whatever offence it may give to those characters at whom it points, it would be a sorry procedure indeed to compromise it out of deference to the over-sensitive pride of the human heart.

It is this direct statement of truth that seems to call forth the most virulent invective from our reviewer. He declares "my whole representation to be false and scandalous,"—he charges me with want of charity, with "bearing false witness against the larger part of my own profession," and he feels it difficult to repress indignation "at transcribing the rash and criminal assertions." All this asperity is excited simply by my denying that the human heart, which is described by Almighty God to be "desperately wicked," can supply pure motives to professional duty, and insisting that the holy scriptures alone can,—positions which all the indignation and influence of all the medical men that ever lived, or ever shall live, would not induce me to retract or qualify by the slightest shade. Does he expect that great immutable truths are to give way before the fretting of a pride-wounded mortal?—as well might he expect a rock of adamant to melt down before the fruitless foaming of the surge.—Did he know more of the corruption of the human heart he would discover the necessity for humility in every fallen son of Adam, and he would, I dare say, read my little production with more self-command. Deeper reflection will, I doubt not, convince him, that it is for the "CREDIT of religion," if such an expression be justifiable, and for the interests of religion too, not complacently to cloak over human depravity, but humbly to acknowledge it—and that it is for the credit of the medical profession, and must contribute alike to its dignity and its usefulness to search for motives to duty in the Scriptures, and there alone.

Reflection I am sure will convince him that ambition is a very lame and illegitimate motive, and also the desire of success and of fortune-making; in like manner regard to his own character, which is a kind of behind-back delinquent. It is rather singular by the way, that when in quest of motives to inspire a sense of professional duty, he should rank in his list "a sense of professional duty," which if it can be admitted at all will turn out to be nothing but pride, unless that sense be derived from Scripture. It is singular also to find him quarrelling with me for urging on the medical man "a due sense of the value of his patient's life as the best gua-

rantee for exertion in his behalf, and adding the awkward acknowledgement, that "in his view the value of his patients' lives seldom enters into his account, "the value of the individual life is nothing to him, and rarely enters at all into his calculation"—and yet with the same breath admitting that "*if it does, it must inspire greater caution.*" Surely such contradictory averments are ill calculated to impress your readers with respect for his judgment as a critic, and we could desire no stronger proof of the importance of "Professional Christianity" than such a direct avowal, that to the irreligious physician, or the medical man who is not decidedly pious, "the value of the individual lives entrusted to his care is nothing." If this be not a full admission of the truth of my description, in all its extent, I know not what would be. It is curious to see him nevertheless attempt to saddle the whole blame on the "hospital practice, and on the army and navy surgeons," whom he considers "the dregs of the profession." Now we submit it to his own mature consideration what these classes in the profession, who by the way stand somewhat respectably before the public, will think of a charge so specific and personal, "that they take but little account of a poor fellow's life." Although I feel myself quite at liberty to argue from the general principles of human nature, and from the premises of divine truth, upon the evil tendency of infidel opinions as a reason for embracing Christianity, I would have been sorry indeed to have made so specific a libel on this or any individual or class of the profession.

* From these specimens of direct self-contradiction on the part of our candid and instructive critic, we are really at a loss to conceive what sort of beings those persons must be whom a mind of such a standard feels itself entitled to look down upon and designate the "dregs of the profession." Certain it is those physicians whom I consider respectable are at least accustomed to think consistently, and though some of them come short of Scriptural influence, I have generally found them rather unaware of its importance, and unfortunately for themselves and their patients, so much occupied and troubled with many things, as to forget this "one thing needful," than resolved to scoff at and trample it down in others, at all hazards, and with all their influence. Yet if the matter were traced out it would be found, that much of this delicacy of feeling on their part, is due to the high tone of moral feeling that pervades not only medical but general society, arising from the lustre that emanates so widely and so steadily in modern times from the sacred page; and the advantages the medical world would derive by drawing direct for themselves from that humiliating but purifying source, could be only equalled by the deplorable consequences that must ensue if all men were to turn sceptics, and the Scriptures thus be suffered to moulder into oblivion. It would then be seen what a fearful moral darkness must follow from an eclipse of scriptural and spiritual light, and how rapidly our profession would degenerate from their present standard to a much greater extreme of inefficiency both in motive and practice than any I have ventured to chalk out.

* We shall not press upon our reviewer, the charge of a wilful and uncandid perversion of the meaning and scope of my whole argumentation, when he extracts from it a conclusion the very reverse of

that at which it points, merely to serve the purpose of a joke on the sacredness of death and of Heaven. We put it to his own better judgement, whether he who can speak lightly of such solemnities, is really "fit to put his foot into the chamber of the sick in a medical" or in any other capacity, and whether such a physician would not be likely, as I have urged, to extinguish every spark of devotional feeling on the part of the patient, and by untimely levity to add a merciless pang to the troubles that weigh down more or less every spirit in the immediate prospect of death. We can only hope that a careful perusal of the Scriptures will convince him that there is no likelihood, I might say possibility, of that physician shortening the lives of his patients who draws his principles from such a source, and that the abuse of the discretionary power to which he alludes, is only a creature of his own formation, and could never find illustration in the conduct of him whose mind is fortified and enlightened by religious truth.

'It is not worth while to go on pointing out further inconsistencies in which, indeed, our critic's forte seems principally to reside. Your readers who are acquainted with their Bible, will, no doubt, smile at the bewildered notions he entertains on the subject of the resurrection, did not pity and sympathy for the ignorance he displays forbid. However surprising to him my views on the subject may appear, they could not be so to one conversant with Scripture, and especially with the true meaning of that very passage he quotes, when taken in connexion with the other announcements in the sacred writings. I should have been happy to have entered at large on more than one important truth he, in his ignorance, has endeavoured to controvert, but really to attempt to follow such a mind through the mazes of inconsistency, is like the attempt to grasp a shadow—or to overtake an ignis fatuus.

We shall, therefore, in the mean time, take leave of our reviewer, under the hope that a diligent and serious study of the sacred writings will enable him to attain more correct and consistent views on this subject, and so soon as he gives proof of such attainment, we will, with much pleasure, receive any candid hints he may give as to the most judicious mode of advocating "professional Christianity."

We have left ourselves little room for a rejoinder to this courteous epistle; and, indeed, we should be perfectly satisfied to rest the justification of our former remarks, on the style, spirit, and matter of the above remonstrance. On the most deliberate review of the article complained of, we see no reason to admit that it is either 'illnatured,' 'unjust,' 'malicious,' 'merciless,' 'intemperate,' 'virulent,' or 'uncalled for.' It is quite true that we expressed ourselves at a loss to conjecture what motive had prompted the publication, because it appeared to us so ill adapted to answer its professed design. The Author is perfectly correct in inferring, that our objections apply only to his mode of treating the subject, which we thought

likely to prejudice the cause it advocates. He has not removed those objections; and though we can assure him that we are his friends 'at bottom,' we are not in the least reconciled either to his views or to his manner of stating them.

Our Correspondent objects to the statement, that there are men who are 'neither infidels nor men of decided piety,' as unscriptural. There is, he says, 'no possibility of such a middle state.' We know not whether to treat this as a blunder or a quibble. We were not pronouncing on the 'state' or condition of any class, but stating a notorious, unequivocal fact; that there are individuals whose religious character is of a doubtful and indecisive description, which does not admit of our ranking them either with infidels or with persons of decided piety. If the Author of Professional Christianity is in the habit of applying the term *infidel* to every individual who is not, in his judgement, a decided Christian, he employs the word in a sense unauthorized alike by common usage, by Scripture, by good sense, or good manners.

The only other part of our Correspondent's animadversions to which we deem it necessary to reply, is that in which he accuses us of *joking* on the sacredness of death. We can assure him that, in the remark he alludes to, we were perfectly serious, and that we consider his principle as fairly liable to the consequences we have pointed out. Not to be 'uncharitable,' we hope that he has misunderstood us on some other points: he has certainly, however unintentionally, misrepresented our statements.

Our Correspondent is satisfied that his views respecting the Resurrection could not be 'surprising' to any one conversant with the Scriptures. He egregiously deceives himself. And however unpleasant it may be to speak of any individual contributor, we must assure this gentleman—our readers cannot require to be assured—that the author of the article in question is much more conversant with the Scriptures than even our Correspondent;—that he is so far from being either an infidel or a materialist, that he has exposed the doctrine of Materialism in the pages of our Journal on a former occasion—with what ability, our readers are the judges;* and that, being entirely a personal stranger to the anonymous Author of Professional Christianity, he could be actuated by no other motive in his remarks on that Tract, than an anxiety to disclaim an injudicious advocate of the cause, and to mark his strong disapprobation of the rash and unguarded statements which the Writer has advanced.

* See E. R. June, 1822. Art. Lawrence and Pring.